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The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1936 NUMBER 1130

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The Week

THE long expected attempt at the counter-revolution in Spain broke out last week. The revolutionists were monarchist reactionaries and the revolt centered in the army. There was hard fighting both in Spain itself and in Spanish Morocco, with the outcome still in doubt as this issue of The New Republic went to press. . . . In China, the Nanking government of Chiang Kai-shek gained a decisive victory over the forces of the South, although his enemies charged this was achieved more by bribery than by the valor of his troops. His success brought him large stores of military materials. Although the uprising in the South was ostensibly anti-Japanese in character, some observers believe that it was in fact subsidized by Japan and represented another attempt to break down what little nationalist spirit still remains in an effective form in central and southern China. . . . Germany continued implacably her campaign for control of Danzig when the Nazi-controlled government of that city virtually abolished the democratic constitution and instituted a Hitlerian regime. . . . The general European situation continued strained, following the German-Austrian treaty of a week ago. Three of the Locarno powers—Great Britain, France and Belgium—planned a meeting in London this week to discuss the whole position; the Italians refused to attend unless the Germans were also invited to be present. . . . Turkey won an almost complete victory in her appeal, under the Lausanne Treaty, to refortify the Dardanelles. . . . An individual who is apparently demented threatened King Edward with a loaded revolver but was disarmed before any harm could be done. . . . Serious trouble broke out among public-utility employees in Mexico City and oil-field workers in Venezuela. . . . Two more signs of the coming war appeared: A military railway is under construction from Soviet Russia through Rumania into Czechoslovakia, and Great Britain is preparing to distribute gas masks to her entire population.

INTERMITTENT showers in the Mississippi Valley during the week-end mitigated the severity of the drought, causing the experts to predict that this year's disaster will be less serious than that of 1934. Under our topsy-turvy economic system, the shortage of agricultural products has raised prices sufficiently so that total farm income may be about the same as last year, although millions of poor people in cities will have to cut down their already inadequate food purchases. Many thousands of farmers in the areas most seriously affected have been entirely ruined. The government is planning relief work for a possible maximum of one million this winter, and the Resettlement Administration is laying careful plans to help large numbers of families to move away from areas that have been reduced practically to a desert. . . . Followers of Dr. Townsend, assembled in Cleveland, this week saw a coalition of Coughlinites and Share-the-Wealthers from Louisiana in support of Mr. Lemke and his Union Party; Dr. Townsend himself will join this

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coalition but many of his followers are bitterly opposed to this and the Townsend movement seems in some danger of breaking in two. The Cleveland gathering heard a speech by Father Coughlin that drew attention equally for its misinformation, unsound economics and extraordinary vituperation of the President. . . . With half a dozen serious strikes in progress throughout the country, the National Labor Relations Board announced it would intervene in one of these—that of the Radio Corporation of America workers in Camden, New Jersey. . . . In the endeavor to forestall the possibility of disastrous credit inflation, the Federal Reserve System used its new powers and increased the legal reserve requirements of member banks by 50 percent. The action freezes about $1,450,000,000 of excess reserves out of an estimated total of $3,400,000,000.

THE drought and its effects illustrate again the grim joke that permeates the existing economic system. Grain is burned by the sun and eaten by grasshoppers; cattle starve and die of thirst; farmers move away from powdered soil. But the headlines inform us that the price of what is left is likely to rise enough so that farm income as a whole will be as large as last year, if not larger. High prices often bring more profit than abundant production. Industries have been acting on this principle for years, many still act on it. The A.A.A. was an application of the principle on behalf of the farmers—but man did the work instead of nature, as in this year, and he did it much less drastically and more humanely. The A.A.A. was denounced for being an application of the economy of scarcity, as indeed it was. But now that the A.A.A. has been Supreme-Courted out of existence, the drought proves that an economy of scarcity is still with us. That is the way things act under a system of private enterprise and free exchange. Some day we may be intelligent enough to arrange our production and distribution in such a manner that the supplying of abundance will reward the producer, instead of injuring him.

BY RAISING the minimum reserve requirements 50 percent, the Federal Reserve Board has taken the first action under an important power given it by the new banking laws. Formerly the minimum was fixed by law, and the Board could do nothing about it on its own discretion. Now, however, it can go so far as to double the minimum. The recent action was taken to prevent a possible credit inflation, with rapidly rising prices and boom conditions. The banks had such large reserves that, on the basis of the existing legal minimum ratio between their reserves and the loans outstanding, they could have expanded the amount of credit enormously and quickly. The central banking authorities have simply reduced this possible margin for expansion by requiring a larger reserve against a given amount of loans. It was wise to do this before much expansion had taken place, for the present effect will be scarcely to restrict credit at all, but merely to issue a warning and chalk up a safeguard for the future. There is still plenty of opportunity for credit to grow, if the demand for loans warrants it. And of course we cannot have even a desirable measure of recovery unless the total of purchasing power, represented largely by bank loans, actually does grow.

WHEN a number of the largest and most progressive unions formed Labor's Non-Partisan League, with the immediate object of aiding the reëlection of Mr. Roosevelt, it was also their purpose to mobilize the labor vote for possible independent action as a genuine labor party in the future. Another step in this direction has now been taken by the same forces in organizing a Labor Party in the state of New York. This will nominate Roosevelt electors and will head its state ticket with Governor Lehman, the Democratic candidate, but it will name independents for other offices, and will maintain a permanent organization. Negotiations are now being conducted for affiliation with other groups who have been agitating for a farmer-labor party. Obviously this is a two-edged strategy. It will presumably corral for Roosevelt and Lehman a good many voters who might have followed Coughlin, Townsend and Lemke, or even voters who, as an expression of their desire for a new party, were leaning toward Norman Thomas or Earl Browder. At the same time, it will join in a cohesive and well led labor political organization a number of forces that intend to launch into completely independent labor action in the future. The New York voter who wants to support Roosevelt as the lesser of possible evils, but who at the same time wants to be counted among the supporters of a labor party in general, has somewhere to go for a change.

LUIS CARLOS PRESTES, the great popular leader of the Brazilian National Liberation Alliance, is about to be tried on charges, as yet unspecified, by a "special tribunal" under a regime that has amply illustrated its disregard for civil rights. The "state of war" that Getulio Vargas, the head of the government, has declared to exist, is, in fact, illegal, since the 1934 constitution provides only for a state of siege. Vargas, however, after provoking incidents last November that allowed him to declare a state of siege, got the constitution amended to permit the further declaration of a state of war, although the constitution specifically provides that no amendments may be made during a state of siege. There is no war, of course, but Vargas has by this means been able to imprison his political opponents. Four deputies and a senator, Abel Chermont, are about to be tried on charges arising from their utterances on the floor of Congress, a clear violation of parliamentary immunity and one that has not been sanctioned by any court. In spite of the rigorous censorship that exists, a considerable num-

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ber of similar cases are known. His opponents charge that Vargas has long lacked any popular support, and is maintained only by a small and very reactionary clique of industrialists and landowners, and by foreign interests to which he has made many concessions. These interests include American ones, and for this reason, as well as for simple justice, Americans should feel a responsibility for Getulio Vargas and an obligation to attempt to save Luis Carlos Prestes.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, our Washington correspondent discusses the problem of resettlement for the distressed farmers in the South. It is interesting to know in this connection that within a few weeks the Resettlement Administration will begin, on a microscopic scale, the actual redistribution of Southern farm land. This new program, called the Farm Tenant Security Project, will include a thousand families drawn from ten Southern states, and is intended to serve as a pilot plan for more comprehensive undertakings in the future. The thousand families participating in the project will not necessarily be relief clients, but the most energetic young farmers that the R.A. can persuade to join up. They will be allotted fertile land—now being accumulated by the R.A.—first under a five-year lease, and then under a forty-year contract to purchase. Both lease and contract will contain clauses pledging the farmer to follow the guidance of R.A. agents in his production methods—crop rotation, contour plowing, the keeping of farm animals—and, to some degree, in his methods of marketing. Failure to conform to the R.A.'s standards will permit cancellation of the lease or contract. In the judgment of most R.A. officials, the compulsion implicit in this cancellation clause is essential, since they are convinced that Southern farmers, particularly in cotton areas, must radically alter their farming techniques if they are to obtain incomes sufficient for a decent standard of living. During the whole forty-five-year period, title to the land will remain in the possession of the federal government, and the farmer will automatically be protected against tax sales and foreclosures.

CURIOUS views on freedom of the press and of citizens in general are implied by the questioning recently in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, of a photographer and reporter sent there by Fortune magazine. McKeesport is the home of the McKeesport Tinplate Company and National Tube Company plants, the latter a U. S. Steel subsidiary. The chief of police, John J. Whalen, sent police out to pick up the men while they were photographing employees leaving the National Tube Company mill, and, when they arrived at the police station, informed them that a commercial photographer's license could be obtained from the mayor for $3 a day. "For all I know, they might have been spies," he said. The comment of Mayor George H. Lysle, elected in 1933 for his sixth consecutive term, was that "strange" newspapermen coming to the city should get in touch with him and tell him who they are, although he realized that these two didn't fall into the category of commercial photographers. Perhaps the men from Fortune didn't want to have any trouble and went out of town willingly enough. Perhaps, on the other hand, George Powers, the district organizer for the industrial-union drive there, is correct in saying that they were "kicked out." Whatever really happened, the attitude of the officials of McKeesport is quite clear. All strangers are dangerous—and the police can take care of them. The public authorities are helping the employers to "protect" their employees against the unionization campaign.

Counter-Revolution in Spain

THE Spanish revolution, begun in 1931 when Alfonso was driven from the throne, is still far from complete. It follows the usual pattern of revolutionary periods. At the beginning, moderates control. But extremes at the Left and the Right are not satisfied with what the moderates do. Each in turn tries to seize the government, partly because of fear that the other will do so. In this see-saw contest for power the influence of the moderates is eroded. The revolutionary period continues, with sporadic forays, shifts of power and rebellions, until either the Left or the Right gains a decisive victory and deprives its chief opponent of all possibility of successful resistance.

When Spain became a parliamentary republic, the parties of the Left were not in control, and moderates held the balance of power. Socialists were influential, Communists were a tiny minority, and Syndicalists, embodying a large part of the labor movement, did not believe in political action at all and were not represented. The Church, however, was disestablished, labor laws were passed and agrarian reform was promised. Then reaction, as is usual in such cases, began to raise its head. The Church, the landlords, the capitalists and the remnants of the nobility declined to coöperate, and, aided by disunion of the Left, achieved political control of the republic. Gil Robles, clerical reactionary, became a virtual dictator. The army was divided, and could not be relied upon by the progressive forces. Reforms were either nullified or postponed.

Then came an uprising of the Left, in October, 1934. Again labor and the peasants were disunited and badly led. In Asturias, a mining district, the workers acted as a unit and forcefully, and for a time actually held power. But elsewhere the revolt petered out in an aimless general strike; the workers were unarmed and loyal troops garrisoned the strategic points against the small bands of active revolutionaries. Left leaders were irresolute and failed to act decisively. With the collapse of the insurrection elsewhere, the government suppressed

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the miners of the Asturias by several months of ruthless fighting and cruelty. Moroccan troops were used, in addition to Spanish soldiers. The aftermath was increased discontent and a growing resentment against the government for its treatment of large numbers of political prisoners. The Left gained in popular favor, but it had no immediate means of resistance.

The next turn of events was the national election, permitted by the powers in control on the basis of the mistaken belief that they could follow the example of Hitler and win support at the polls for a Fascist dictatorship. Experience had proved that a dictatorship without wide public support was unstable. It was such a dictatorship under Alfonso that had led to the fall of the monarchy. Now, however, the Left forces were able to unite in a popular front for election purposes. Syndicalist leaders permitted their followers to vote with the Socialists, and both coöperated with moderate Republicans, in order to elect a government that would release the labor prisoners and end repression. They were strikingly successful. Moderates again assumed power, and Spain once more became a liberal democracy. The Socialists, Syndicalists and other Marxian forces were not in a majority, however, and supported the government without taking part in it.

The moderate government then continued its original indecisive drift. The reactionaries and the Church were out of influence, but no real program of economic and social reconstruction was undertaken. Discontent began to spread again. Sporadic violence on the part of more extreme elements of the Left (or, as was sometimes charged, by provocators from the Right) increased the uneasiness. Church institutions were burned or looted, there were strikes, murders and assassinations. At length the Right, believing the time was propitious, took open offensive. Not being able to insinuate itself into control by political methods, it fomented a rebellion.

This rebellion was based almost exclusively on the army. It was easy for reactionary officers in Spanish Morocco to take control there; the native troops would unhesitatingly do their bidding, especially when it was a question of fighting the nation that had formerly conquered their country. Moroccan troops were landed in Spain. Garrisons under rightist influence seized radio stations and other strategic centers in Seville, Cadiz and elsewhere. By loudly proclaiming success, they hoped to dishearten their adversaries and accumulate adherents. The full story is not told as we write. But apparently the movement has been definitely suppressed in Madrid and most other important regions, a large part of the army remains under allegiance to the government, the Marxist forces themselves are armed and disciplined, and arms have been distributed to workers and peasants. The navy is said to be loyal, and can probably prevent the transport of more Moroccans. It looks as if the movement were destined for early failure, since a coup so lacking in popular support could succeed only by swift seizure of complete power and stern repression.

If the revolt does fail, will the next move be an upsurge to power by the more extreme Left, supported by armed and aroused workers and peasants? Will the moderates be forced to make way for a genuine revolutionary dictatorship, which will purge the country of possible enemies and embark upon drastic economic and social measures? Such things have occurred in history before this.

The Wrong Way to Start a New Party

THE NEW Union Party and its presidential candidate, Representative William Lemke of North Dakota, had their first taste of national publicity last week at the Townsendites' convention at Cleveland. While the party did not capture the convention itself, it did rope and tie the aged, angular inventor of the Old Age Revolving Pension Plan (which, by the way, is to be known in future as the Townsend Recovery Plan). It might be more accurate to say that Mr. Lemke and Dr. Townsend captured each other, for the presidential candidate gave his approval to the scheme for $200-a-month pensions for those past sixty, and the seer from Long Beach promised that, like Father Coughlin and Huey Long's successor, the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, he will barnstorm the country for Mr. Lemke. Father Coughlin, present in person, repeated his familiar inflationary doctrines, and took occasion to excoriate President Roosevelt in such language that even his superior in the church, Bishop Gallagher, deplored his expressions although underwriting his general doctrine.

It is impossible to say what the political effect of last week's happenings in Cleveland will be, or even whether they will have any importance at all. It was already known that Father Coughlin and the Reverend Gerald Smith would support the Union Party. The radio priest is believed to have great influence with those who espouse his doctrines, and to be able to deliver a large number of votes. So far as we can judge, this is also true of the Reverend Mr. Smith in regard to the Share-the-Wealth group. Among the Townsendites a bitter division appeared regarding the advisability of endorsing any candidate, and a schism in the movement seems likely. However, since Mr. Lemke approved of the Townsend Plan and since the worthy Doctor will take the stump for him, there is little doubt that a great many of the sect will cast their ballots for the Union Party. Dr. Townsend's claim that he has 20,000,000 followers has never been substantiated; but no one can deny that the three groups control, among them, a large number of voters. No one can deny, either, that on the whole these are people who, if forced to choose solely between the Republican and Democratic Parties, would pre-

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fer the latter. It seems outside the realm of possibility that Mr. Lemke could be elected President; but if the race between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Landon is as close as now seems probable, the Union Party might easily give the victory to the Republicans. And there is every reason to believe that powerful conservative interests are secretly aiding the Lemke movement for just exactly this purpose.

For many years, The New Republic has been pleading for a realignment in American politics that would include a solidly based farmer-labor party of a left-progressive character. We have pointed out that if this were not done by genuine "third party" forces, the gap would be filled by demagogues who do not understand the actual problems of the country and their proper solution or, if they do possess such understanding, offer instead a hodgepodge of unworkable economic panaceas. This is exactly what has happened this year. The Coughlin-Lemke-Smith-Townsend coalition has various ideas, some of which are incompatible with one another, but they possess the common property of being products of economic illiteracy. That the Townsend Plan is a fantastic dream which could never be put into effect has been demonstrated so many times in so many places that we shall not bother to repeat the argument here. Huey Long's doctrine of "Every Man a King" had no economic basis at all. It advocated the old notion of "let's divide up" which their enemies have always attributed to the Socialists and the Socialists have always, with apoplectic indignation, repudiated. Father Coughlin's central thesis is inflation; he comes of a long and dubious lineage of Middle Western greenbackers who have bobbed up repeatedly in our national history whenever the burden of agrarian debt became particularly oppressive. Mr. Lemke, broadly speaking, has taken all the worst elements of these various quack prescriptions and compounded them into a potion that would be certain to kill the patient instanter if he ever had to take it—which he probably won't.

Whether the Union Party does or does not succeed in defeating Mr. Roosevelt this year, the problem of creating a genuine new political grouping that shall be the spokesman for the common men and women of this country remains unsolved. When the task is attempted, we shall have to begin about where the British Labor Party did a generation ago. We shall need hard and concentrated staff work and an arduous period of popular education before we can hope for any important political movement that is coherent and logical and, if it comes into power, has any reasonable expectation of being able to solve the fundamental problems of America. There are, to be sure, groups already existing that have done much of this work on a front limited either geographically or otherwise, and nothing said here is intended to disparage the work already done by such groups. Nevertheless, their comparative failure is demonstrated by the ease with which the crackpot Coughlins, Longs and Townsends are able in a few months to enroll millions beneath their dubious banners. There is no guarantee, certainly, that our pressing problems will wait until a genuine new party, broadly based, appears on the Left and carries through its program of public education. But it is equally certain that we shall get no solution of our problems from the hasty improvisation of the demagogues who are assembling under the Union Party's flag this year.

The Employers Get Stubborn

IF THERE were signs for a time that employers, under the stimulus of Section 7a and the New Deal, were becoming slightly more partial to the idea of collective bargaining, the trend now is very definitely in the opposite direction. From virtually every section of the country these days come reports of the increasing hostility of industry toward organized labor. This is evident even among companies that have previously dealt with their employees through recognized unions.

Probably the outstanding example of this reactionary move is afforded by the current conduct of the Remington-Rand Company, whose management has flatly refused to meet with representatives of its workers even though it has had union agreements of several years' standing. Rather than continue amicable relations, the company precipitated a strike of some 6,000 employees in six plants by discharging seventeen union leaders. It has fought the strike, now nearly two months old, with armed guards and with injunctions that prohibit peaceful mass picketing and restrain the National Labor Relations Board from holding hearings on charges of unfair labor practices. President James H. Rand Jr. explains his company's new policy on the novel grounds that the prospective invalidation of the Wagner Labor Relations Act makes collective bargaining unnecessary, if not illegal. Similarly, the Shell Oil Company of California has refused to resume bargaining with five international unions of the A.F. of L. which had been declared the bargaining agencies of its employees and with which it had an agreement until June of this year.

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company has an agreement with the Rubber Workers' Union in Akron, Ohio, won as the result of a prolonged and bitter strike, but it is apparently determined not to extend its collective-bargaining policy. When organizers and officials of the union recently visited the company's plants at Gadsden, Alabama, they were assaulted and seriously beaten by a mob of some four hundred persons. According to a complaint filed by the National Labor Relations Board, Goodyear foremen, supervisors and "flying squadron" members were encouraged by the company to make the attacks. The company has since obtained an injunction restraining the Labor Board from holding hearings on these charges.

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In Camden, New Jersey, some 8,000 employees are now in the fourth week of a strike against the Radio Corporation of America. The company has resorted to every conceivable method of ending the strike except one—collective bargaining. According to a special committee of the American Civil Liberties Union, armed strikebreakers, imported by the company, and the Camden police have broken up picket lines with violence and brutality and have arrested pickets on charges of assault merely for "making faces" at the strikebreakers. The local courts are seemingly doing their best to cripple the union—they have set total bail for 122 arrested pickets at the preposterous figure of more than $600,000, with individual bail running as high as $10,000. The strikers are members of the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America, an independent industrial union, and they have proposed an election by the Labor Board as a method of establishing the union's right to represent them. The company, however, has refused to recognize the Board's authority to hold an election.

In the citrus groves of Orange County, California, where several thousand orange pickers have been on strike for nearly a month, the well known California vigilante terrorism is in full sway. With permission of the sheriff, strikebreakers have been armed with clubs, shotguns and sidearms, while picking-crew foremen have been made special deputies. A score of strikers have been shot and several hundred have been beaten and slugged by the strikebreakers and by vigilante mobs organized by the American Legion. It is the strikers, however, who have been arrested for violence. Some 200 are now reported to be in Orange County jails, facing sentences of two years in prison and fines of $2,000. Their demands are for wages of 40 cents an hour.

Meanwhile, workers' rights appear threatened in several other fields. In the woolen and worsted industry, employers have thus far refused to negotiate a new agreement calling for higher wages and a thirty-five-hour week. The National Association of Wool Manufacturers has announced that it has "no authority whatsoever to speak for its members" in regard to working conditions. In these circumstances, the union's only choice seems to be to call a strike of the 100,000 woolen workers to gain a new contract. Likewise, 8,000 knit-goods workers in New York and New Jersey are faced with the necessity of striking to preserve the hours and wages of an agreement that expired on July 15. The employers' association has not signed a new agreement, and some companies are attempting to lengthen hours. In the steel industry, as might be expected, the lines of battle are rapidly being drawn. There are increasing reports of workers discharged for union activities, while the steel corporations are invoking local ordinances to prevent meetings and the distribution of union literature.

On the labor front today, the outstanding fact is the increasing and apparently concerted resistance of employers to the efforts of organized workers. There can be little doubt that this is the result, in part, of the established ineffectuality of the Wagner Labor Relations Act. But it is also aided, if not stimulated, by the tolerance with which constituted authorities view violence when the violence is being employed by industry. As the American Civil Liberties Union points out in its survey of the past six months, "the greatest single attack upon American liberties is the resort to force and violence by employers, vigilantes, mobs, troops, private gunmen and compliant sheriffs and police." Little wonder that employers find it easy to be stubborn.

"Couple Trade" in the Tourist Camps

WITHIN the past few years, the tourist camp catering to travelers by automobile has become a conspicuous American institution. West of the Mississippi River, in particular, there are thousands of these camps ranging in size from two or three one-room shacks up to elaborate affairs with three or four hundred cabins, restaurants, motion-picture theatres and orchestras. The general assumption has been that these camps were doing a legitimate hotel business; but if conditions in Dallas, Texas, are typical—and it is fair to suppose that they are—this assumption needs to be revised.

In "Studies in Sociology," an interesting and competent journal published by the Department of Sociology of Southern Methodist University, appears a report of tourist-camp conditions near Dallas. The University's investigators found that far more than half of the business done in the local camps was what is politely known as "couple trade"—the rental of a cabin for an hour or two by a man and woman, obviously for "immoral purposes." So completely is this true that some camps refused to accept tourists at all, on the ground that they occupy a cabin all night and thus cut down the potential revenue. In one case the University's investigators found that a cabin was rented sixteen times in one day and in another, eleven. In certain cases a time limit of one or two hours is set by the proprietor.

On a given Saturday, the investigation noted 875 cases near Dallas in which couples rented cabins for one or two hours. Twenty-five out of thirty-eight camp owners admitted that they "lived off the couple trade" and most of the rest hinted at the same thing. The investigators wrote down the license numbers of all automobiles and found that 102 out of 109 couples gave fictitious names, if you assume that the cars were driven by their owners. The university report says that very few of the women who visit these camps are professional prostitutes. A map of Dallas has been published with dots to indicate the home addresses of the owners of automobiles used in "couple trade"—a map the publication of which must have given some Dallas residents heart-failure. The map indicates

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that practically none of the clientele is from slums or semi-slums but, on the contrary, comes from the wealthiest sections of the city. Wisely, the university presents this information without any emotional color, simply as a bit of evidence of the changing character of our civilization.

Politics and the Triborough Bridge

NEW YORK CITY recently opened its new Triborough Bridge, a huge $60,000,000 project connecting Manhattan, Long Island and the Bronx through 17½ miles of bridges and causeways. Endless miles of oratory, verbal and written, have been unleashed regarding this great achievement and no doubt the praise is well justified. It remained, however, for Mr. Robert Moses, New York's demon constructor and *enfant terrible,* the man chiefly responsible for finishing the bridge, to strike a sour note—one to which, for some mysterious reason, the metropolitan press paid no attention.

In his commemorative booklet about the bridge Mr. Moses bluntly recorded the fact that the Manhattan branch of the structure is twenty-five blocks out of place, as a result of political pressure on the planners. The Manhattan approach goes east from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street to Randall's Island, turns sharply south for twenty-five blocks and then, over Ward's Island, goes east to Long Island. It is obvious, Mr. Moses calmly writes, that the Manhattan entrance should not have been anywhere near One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. "It should logically have been located on Ward's Island as far downtown as possible, that is, in the neighborhood of One Hundredth Street." The reason it was placed where it is was pressure from real-estate interests, business men and politicians in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street area, successfully exerted long before Mr. Moses came into the picture.

Automobiles are now using the bridge at the rate of about 30,000 a day; it is a safe assumption that one-quarter of this traffic moves between Manhattan below One Hundredth Street and Long Island. Since each car makes an unnecessary detour of two and one-half miles for each trip, there is a waste of about 19,000 car-miles a day, or 7,000,000 a year. If it costs five cents a mile to operate a motor vehicle, which is a conservative estimate without including the time of the driver, the loss on this item is $350,000 a year or the interest at 5 percent on $7,000,000. In other words, the wastage due to political planning will exceed, every ten years, the total cost of the bridge. This sounds like a record of some sort. We don't know whether to suggest that the business men of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street go out and buy themselves a medal, or march in a body to the middle of the bridge and jump in the river.

Civil Liberties Now

IMPROVEMENT in regard to civil liberties, with considerable reservations, is the burden of the sixteenth annual report of the American Civil Liberties Union, a ninety-six-page pamphlet called "How Goes the Bill of Rights?"

The relative gain is attributed to a degree of economic recovery, the steadying influence of the New Deal administration and increased resistance to repressive measures by better united defense work. On the other hand, no further restrictive higher-court decisions were handed down; a few were even encouraging. No new repressive legislation was passed by Congress. No new prosecutions for opinion under the sedition or criminal-syndicalism laws were instituted, and the number of political prisoners declined. Organization of the unemployed proceeded with less interference. Mob and vigilante violence dropped sharply (though lynchings almost doubled).

The Union has increased its membership by a quarter, and added more local committees. Rivalry and antagonism in defense work, it declares, have been practically eliminated, with the policy of the Communist Party credited as encouraging to the frequent formation of united-front defense committees. Newspaper favor has increased, and the American League Against War and Fascism has grown in popular influence.

In regard to labor, although the decline of the strike wave of 1934-35 resulted in fewer actual cases of violation of civil rights, the Union reports that wherever labor organization was attempted employers resorted to their usual tactics of force and violence. Troops were used nineteen times in industrial strikes, as against twenty-four times in 1934, and thirty strikers were killed. In spite of the hope that the La Follette resolution for an investigation of civil-rights and collective-bargaining violations may get results, there can be little doubt that the organizing campaign now under way among the rubber, steel and automobile workers will result in a new wave of repression.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1936, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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A New Education for a New America

UNDER the auspices of the American Historical Association a commission sat for the five years from 1929 to survey the educational position in the United States with special reference to social studies and their implications. Its reports have now been published in half a score of volumes[1] upon which I propose here to comment in a general way. To do so, in fact, is unfair to the effort and thought that have gone into their compilation. All of them are suggestive; and some of them, those, for instance, of Professor George S. Counts on "The Social Foundations of Education," of Professor Merle Curti on "The Social Ideas of American Educators," of Professor C. E. Merriam on "Civic Education in the United States," are of great importance; that, especially, of Professor Curti is as significant a contribution as has been recently made to the history of American society. For this work alone, the commission deserves the gratitude of a wider community than the United States for its effort. It has drawn a general picture of the educational scene of unsurpassed interest. It has raised fundamental questions with a courage and an insight that deserve well of all who are interested in the future of civilization.

What emerges from the survey here made with so much thoroughness? I do not, I think, do injustice to its total impact if I summarize the results in a series of stark propositions:

1. A new America has been born; and if it is to solve its problems, this America needs an education with a new content and a new emphasis. It must be an education for a life socially controlled instead of for a life primarily motivated by individual acquisitiveness.

2. To achieve this new education changes are required in the whole institutional and psychological framework of American educational structure. Specifically there must be:

(a) Better and better trained teachers.
(b) Better textbooks.
(c) A more social purposiveness in educational administrators.
(d) A teaching that definitely emphasizes the implications of a new social orientation.
(e) Freedom for that teaching to have its full opportunity.
(f) A leadership in school and in administration to realize these purposes.
(g) Better status, better organization, fuller security of tenure for teachers.
(h) A refusal to allow the school to be the victim of the countless special interests seeking to control it for their narrow purposes.
(i) A more responsible attitude on the part of teachers and administrators to the implications of their task.

So bare a summary does far less than justice to the wealth of detailed illustration with which the case for these principles is argued through all the volumes of the report. But it does not, I think, unfairly summarize their purpose. It reveals what is omnipresent in them, the sense of alarm felt by the commission at the patent inadequacies discovered. It draws attention to the fact that its members have had the constant conviction that the distance between the education a new America needs, and the education it is getting, is alarmingly wide. It emphasizes the fact that if America is to make citizens capable of running, nay, of preserving, a democratic society, what is required is a basic, not a superficial, renovation of the whole system. On the whole, if I do not misread the report, the commission is not unhopeful that its desires may be achieved without a catastrophic disturbance in American society. On the whole, they approach their task in the belief that their ideals will win drive enough of an energy sufficient to carry them to fruition in a democratic way. I propose in the remainder of this article to examine less the ideals the commission puts forward (which I take in general to be as admirable as they are urgent) than its right to the temperate optimism by which the report is informed.

It is common ground between us that every educational system broadly reflects the *mores* of the

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[1] Report of the Commission on the Social Studies, compiled under the direction of A.C. Krey, Chairman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Part I: A Charter for the Social Sciences, by Charles A. Beard. 134 pages. $1.25.

Part II: An Introduction to the History of the Social Sciences, by Henry Johnson. 152 pages. $1.25.

Part III: Citizens' Organizations and the Civic Training of Youth, by Bessie Louise Pierce. 435 pages. $2.

Part IV: Tests and Measurements in the Social Sciences, by Truman L. Kelley and A. C. Krey. 659 pages. $3.

Part V: Geography in Relation to the Social Sciences, by Isaiah Bowman. 404 pages. $2.25.

Part VI: Civic Education in the United States, by Charles E. Merriam. 222 pages. $1.75.

Part VII: The Nature of the Social Sciences, by Charles A. Beard. 247 pages. $1.75.

Part VIII: Educational Administration as Social Policy, by Jesse H. Newlon. 316 pages. $2.

Part IX: The Social Foundations of Education, by George S. Counts. 593 pages. $3.

Part X: The Social Ideas of American Educators, by Merle Curti. 635 pages. $3.

Part XI: The Social Sciences as School Subjects, by Rolla M. Tryon. 553 pages. $3.

Part XII: The Selection and Training of the Teacher, by William C. Bagley and Guy Stanton Ford.

Part XIII: Are American Teachers Free? by Howard K. Beale. $3.50.

Part XIV: Curriculum-Making in the Social Studies, by Leon C. Marshall and Rachel Marshall Goetz. $1.75.

Part XV: Conclusions and Recommendations, by the Commission on the Social Studies. 180 pages. $1.25.

Numbers XIII and XIV of the list will be published this fall; numbers XII and XV are in preparation.

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society in which it operates. The American system reflects, broadly, the ideal of an America in which the essential instruments of production are privately owned. Its whole emphasis, both of teaching and control of teaching, is to protect that basic characteristic of American life. That emphasis is as fundamental to America as the antithetic emphasis of schools in Russia. In the one, as in the other, the purpose of the system is to protect, reinforce, idealize, even, the relations of production that arise from the character of the property system.

The commission realizes that our education for individualism in a society where individualism will no longer work adequately, simply will not do. Within the framework of the old order they therefore propose the changes I have enumerated with a view to producing in the new generation the mind capable of working a new order in which the acquisitive impulse is tempered to more creative purposes. That is why they want better teachers, better textbooks, more freedom, a new leadership and a new responsibility, and so on. They see that the old America is dead. Their principles are to realize the new America by making it evident that they are the groundwork of a creative future for American civilization.

But in all this there are surely certain vital presuppositions unexamined in the report; though I add that they emerge forcefully, if imperfectly, in the volumes of Professors Counts and Curti. These presuppositions are: (1) that there is an interest of a unified America over and above the interests of the economic classes of which it is composed; (2) that as these classes are made aware of this interest they will sacrifice their own to its achievement; (3) that educational ideals fitted to a form of society determined by the individual ownership of the means of production can be adapted, with the consent of those who own, to realize a society in which, effectively, the privileges and power associated with individual ownership will be virtually abrogated; (4) that, to put it in another way, education can make a world in which men and women have the great ends of life in common out of a world in which there is no ultimate community of interest between the different classes of society; (5) that the reasonableness of these proposed changes is a ground for believing in their peaceful acceptance by those who will be gravely disadvantaged, so far as class interest is concerned, by their result.

These, I suggest, are the "inarticulate major premises" of the commission's argument. It is immediately obvious that they depend for their validity on one's acceptance of the classic liberal doctrine that, even if slowly, in a democratic society, truth makes its way to peaceful acceptance. They do not discuss the nature of the State. They do not examine the fact that the significance of American democracy lies in its capitalist foundations. They do not deal with the view I should myself take: that since American capitalism has now definitely passed into its phase of contraction, its union with the democratic form of government is likely to prove increasingly uneasy and difficult. They simply assume that an educational way of life which would transform the whole ethos of American civilization can be accepted by men whose whole outlook denies the validity of its implications.

Let us look at the position in terms of their own ideals. Their demands involve (a) a considerable increase in the volume of taxation; there is to be better training for teachers and better pay; (b) a willingness on the part of business men to keep their hands off the schools; (c) an insistence to organizations like the D.A.R. and countless similar bodies that their propaganda is not wanted; (d) a right in the teacher to tell the whole truth about the existing social order; (e) security of tenure (in a Pennsylvania mining town?) for teachers who communicate this truth; (f) a content of teaching which frankly admits (shades of the Liberty League!) that the age of laissez-faire has gone and that that of government control has arrived; (g) a fighting attitude on the part of teachers and administrators who are to insist (how?) that they serve the whole community and not one or another section of it.

I have no difficulty in seeing that this program can broadly be realized in a society where men and women have an equal claim on what there is of common welfare. Frankly and unequivocally, America does not seem to me such a society. I follow with care, so far as distance allows, what is happening in America. I recognize eagerly and gladly the sporadic efforts (of which The Social Frontier is an example) to put a new spirit into American education. But I do not think I do an injustice to America when I say that this program presupposes the abandonment of their power over the instruments of production by those who now own them in America.

For there is, surely, hardly an item in it that, when translated into realistic terms, does not run counter to the whole ideology of the governing class of America. The men who have been horrified by the very moderate program of social reform sponsored by President Roosevelt are to accept a new deal in education that goes far beyond anything the President would venture to put before the business men of America. Anyone who thinks for a moment of how this program would appeal to Mr. Hearst, to the National Civic Federation, to the Chancellor of Pittsburgh University, to the Associated Chambers of Commerce, to the public-utility organizations, to the "patriotic" societies, to the ten thousand Main Streets of America, will, I think, be inclined to skepticism about its prospects. Its claims make me realize what is meant by those who say that a "change of heart" in business men is the condition precedent to the achievement of socialism.

For, at bottom, and stripped of its carefully neutral phrases, the report is an educational program for a socialist America. Such a program, on any wide scale, and apart from minor and occasional experiments, could be implemented in a society only

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where socialism was the accepted way of life; for it is a direct criticism of the ideals that have shaped capitalist America; the ideals, also, that American capitalists still stoutly hold. To them it says in effect: We want you to agree to the trial of educational practices built upon the assumption that you and all that you are stand in contradiction to the needs of America. Our spirit is a denial of your spirit. Where you deny, we affirm; where you affirm, we deny. What you think are the safeguards of America are the things we believe will work disaster for it. We ask you to allow the schools to be used for the destruction of those safeguards. We want to fill them with teachers who will analyze critically all the things for which you stand. We want to create in the schools a new generation which will realize that your ideals, your purposes, your methods, are both dangerous and obsolete. We believe that it is to the interest of America—even, on a long view, to your interest—to help us to realize our program. Cannot we rely, in this crisis of America's destiny, upon your willing support for this adventure?

When the business men translate this request into concrete terms, what does it mean? Radicals in the schools. Textbooks that will tell the truth about the public utilities. Men like Debs, organizations like the Knights of Labor, represented in the teaching of history as more worthy of respect than Mr. Mellon and the chambers of commerce. The rights of private property brought into question. The affiliations of boss rule, the futility of company unions, the impact of economic power upon the decisions of the Supreme Court, the true significance of the Russian Revolution, the real reasons for America's entrance into the war of 1914, all taught by men and women who cannot be dismissed for "dangerous" teaching. Skepticism about contemporary America to replace confidence in the divine right of the business man to rule. All this, I venture to affirm, is effectively implied in the program. All this the American business man, so tolerant by nature, so eager for free inquiry, so resentful, as the last dozen volumes of The New Republic have shown, of any invasion of academic freedom, is to assist in inaugurating. I do not think I err on the side of overemphasis when I suspect that its inauguration by the business man, even with his implicit consent, would be a miracle indeed.

For two things have to be remembered. Men think differently who live differently. In a society divided, like ours, into antagonistic classes, it is too much to hope that one class, which possesses today all the power and privilege that go with the ownership of the instruments of production, will coöperate in effecting its own erosion. In epochs of prosperity, it may show a generous willingness to grant concessions; in epochs of crisis, as its attitude to President Roosevelt has shown, its temper is to safeguard what it believes to be its rights from invasion. The textile owners of New England, the coal barons of Pennsylvania and Illinois, steel magnates in Pittsburgh, the du Ponts of Delaware: their vision of contemporary America, its needs and purposes, is not the vision of this Report. They did not capture the schools and universities in order that a new way of life, which denies premises they devoutly and sincerely hold, should be taught there. Their essential America is wholly alien from the vision of the essential America depicted by Professors Counts and Curti. They mean by a great educator not John Dewey, but Chancellor Day of Syracuse, by a great teacher not Professor Frankfurter or Professor Carl Becker, but President Butler or President Glenn Frank. Men, I say, think differently who live differently; and, in an epoch of crisis like our own, when they think so differently as business men in general and the authors of this Report, I cannot discover the terms of accommodation between them.

My second point is a historical one. Virtually, as I have said, the Report asks the present owning class in America to coöperate in facilitating its own erosion. I know of no historic experience that makes that demand likely of fulfilment. Wherever educational progress has challenged an outworn system, what develops is not a welcome to its implications from the dominant class in the system but an attempt to arrest its consequences. That is what is happening, if in an unspectacular way, in Great Britain at the present time. That is what has happened far more dramatically, in Germany and Italy and Austria. Any economic system must use the State to educate its citizens for the dominant purposes of that economic system. It was the realization of this truth, if in an uncomplete way, that led Rousseau to write his famous chapter on civil religion. It is the realization of this truth that makes the government of every country shield its armed forces so carefully from the intrusion into its ranks of doctrines and ideas alien from the fundamental purposes of the regime. It has never been otherwise. Men cannot serve truth objectively until they have an equal interest in the result of its operations. They have no such equal interest now. They cannot have such an equal interest while the instruments of production remain in private hands. The Report is a superb program of policy for the day after those instruments have been socialized. Until then, it will convince only either the social observer who sees the drift of a battle in which, predominantly, he is spectator rather than actor, or those who have nothing to lose but their chains.

One final remark I would make. If the commission argues that it seeks for an educational apparatus in which not propaganda but objectivity and a critical realism are the vital purposes, my answer is the frank one that these, to the class which owns economic power, are in fact propaganda. They are not fighting for truth; they are fighting to maintain, as best they can, the general contours of the present system. Why should they present their opponents with one of the main weapons in their armory? There is not a single step in educational advance that has not been bought with blood and tears. The fight for the possession of the schools is every whit as

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fundamental as the fight for the right to religious belief; in an essential sense, indeed, it is the very same fight, since there is no religion so deeply held as the body of principles that cohere about the idea of property. Business men would say at once to Professor Beard and his colleagues that, like him, they believe in freedom in the schools; but they would not mean by freedom what Professor Beard and his colleagues mean. They would agree with him that there should be better textbooks, but their idea of good textbooks would not be that of Professor Beard. I am sure they would like to pay teachers more; but their desire would be motivated by the belief that a dissatisfied teacher tends to be a radical and is therefore a disturbing influence in the schools. They want more leadership in educational policy, but the purpose for which they want that leadership is to make the schools safe for a capitalist society. The Report, I believe, underestimates the passion with which men cling to the religion of ownership; and its impact upon the votaries of that faith would, if they read it, lead less to conviction that conversion was desirable than to the angry perception that the liberal teacher is an even more dangerous heretic than they have hitherto been accustomed to affirm.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

The Cost of Conditioned Air

AIR CONDITIONING is on its way. It is believed by the heating and ventilating industry that the majority of home owners still have some ready money or can borrow enough to try out the novel experience of keeping cool when the weather is hot. It looks as if the experience is going to cost the home owners of this country plenty.

The term "air conditioning" is finding universal application. The magic expression is used to describe such articles as fans, humidifiers, odor absorbers and even underwear and hats. The manufacturers of a radiator evaporator were called to task by the Federal Trade Commission for referring to this gadget as an "air conditioner." The Guthfan—an electric fan attached to the ceiling—is referred to as a "Conditionaire." The Continental Motors Corporation has introduced a portable air conditioner that is thirteen inches high, ten inches wide, seven inches deep, weighs ten pounds and sells for $13.50. This tricky little device "will enable you to revel in an atmosphere as fresh and pure as that of a breeze-swept lakeside. The air you breathe will be clean and free from soot, dust, smoke and pollen . . . Humidifies and washes air—deodorizes—a wonderful relief for rose and hay-fever sufferers." Why bother with cluttering up your house with a $2,000 outfit when so much can be had for only $13.50?

But to Crosley Radio Corporation goes the credit for a really unique application of air-conditioning science. Only recently an advanced showing was made at the Crosley factory of the latest improvements in the Crosley cool-rest, air-conditioned bed with a new de-luxe canopy. Surely no one will argue that he cannot afford an air-conditioned bed!

Refrigerating the living quarters of America's urban population is not the simple and logical next step in an advancing technical state that some promoters of the new mechanized life would have us believe. Keeping the air around meat and vegetables in a refrigerator at the proper temperature and humidity is one thing, but cooling and controlling the humidity of the air in the average or even better than average house is something entirely different.

A refrigerator is tightly constructed with walls of insulating material anywhere from two to four inches thick. American houses are notoriously leaky structures. Coal has been cheap, hence it has not been necessary to build tight, well insulated homes. Ice boxes and refrigerators usually have one large storage compartment—houses consist of many rooms, necessitating the use of a forced-air system with elaborate ducts and vents to cool all space uniformly. A carrot or a bottle of milk will show no effects from temperature and humidity variations within certain limits—a maiden aunt won't put up with comparable variations in the household air. Sensitive controls must be installed and maintained to keep the properties of the air constant.

Cooling and controlling the humidity of the air, however, is only a part of the function of a complete air-conditioning equipment. Air-conditioning engineers warn the industry that the notion that summer cooling is the sum total of the air-conditioning process is much too prevalent. True air-conditioning consists of four processes: (1) controlling the temperature of the air, (2) maintaining proper humidity, (3) cleaning the air and (4) circulating it for all months of the year. At least those are the minimum requirements acceptable to the industry and the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Other more progressive or, let us say, aggressive, engineers would have the home air treated in a variety of ways. One engineer (E. F. Fuller of the E. F. Fuller Engineering Company, in Heating and Ventilating, January, 1936), for example, insists that "air conditioning embraces twelve processes of air treatment according to the following tabulation: Heating, Cooling, Filtration, Circulation, Hydration, Dehydration, Ozonation, Atmospheric Pressure Variation, Chemical Treatment, Medication, Odorization, Deodorization."

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Under this definition an air conditioner performing only the minimum functions given above would be referred to as a 1-2-3-4-5-6 system. This classification will enable the industry to make each preceding year's equipment obsolete for six succeeding years by adding one new function annually.

Human beings are not in any great need of conditioned air, but an expanding refrigeration and ventilating industry is going to give it to them whether or no. The industry has resorted to "made business" before and can do it again. The introduction of forced-air heating and ventilating systems —commonly known as plenum systems—has an interesting history. As a result of the active work of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, Massachusetts in 1902, New Jersey in 1903 and New York in 1904 enacted laws fixing thirty cubic feet per minute per person of *fresh air* as an obligatory standard for school buildings of a certain size or in communities of a certain class. Only a mechanical-fan ventilating system could possibly supply this amount of air to a schoolroom. By 1925, according to a survey made at that time, twenty-two states required that new school buildings should be provided with systems of ventilation which would supply thirty cubic feet of air per minute per pupil. In the Wisconsin code the use of gravity ventilation was specifically prohibited. By 1935 there were still fifteen states requiring the thirty-cubic-feet standard or its equivalent, and one other, Montana, requiring twenty-one cubic feet per person and more if rooms were crowded beyond a certain limit. The Wisconsin code has now added "air to be properly humidified."

This standard of thirty cubic feet of fresh air per person per minute, necessitating the widespread installation of expensive plenum systems in school buildings in many states, was shown to be wholly unnecessary as the result of investigations conducted by the New York Commission of Ventilation. The final report (1931) of the Commission was issued in a small book with the nondescript title "School Ventilation Principles and Practices." It may be obtained from the Bureau of Publications, Teachers' College, Columbia University. The Commission, financed by the Milbank Memorial Fund, did a good job, and every school official as well as prospective owners of modern air-conditioning systems should read their report with care. The important conclusions are summarized as follows:

> The evidence thus reviewed seems to indicate clearly the need of revision of existing laws and regulations which, if literally followed, would limit the ventilation of schoolhouses to the single system of mechanical ventilation. Furthermore, the Commission believes that the evidence unmistakably leads to the conclusion that the window-gravity method of ventilation for school classrooms (in the absence of specific local unfavorable conditions) is as satisfactory as the fan system and is generally more satisfactory. The resumé of evidence which follows is offered in the hope that it may be given serious consideration by law-making and code-making bodies, educational authorities and architects.

The elaborate form that modern air-conditioning equipment has taken is chiefly the result of the industry's drive to sell expensive installations and is in no way related to the needs of the home owner barely able to keep up with the payments on his home. The same industrial and professional engineering groups that sold plenum systems to the state legislators would now like to force expensive air-conditioning plants into every house.

The chief sales appeal for air conditioning is built around summer comfort—as the hot summer months approach, interest in cooling equipment increases. It is generally implied in sales literature that if your house or office is cool, your health will improve accordingly. In advertising to industry, manufacturers of air-conditioning systems are making much of the reduction of time lost from work as a result of installing air-conditioning equipment. Actually there are few or no experimental data to substantiate any of these claims. Dr. W. J. McConnell of the Industrial Health Section of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company stated recently in a paper on "Investigations of the Health Aspect of Air Conditioning" that whatever effects air conditioning may have are in general not directly measurable, that studies on employee absenteeism in two buildings, one air-conditioned and one not, of the Metropolitan Life, each of which houses about 6,000 workers, showed no measurable difference between employees in the two buildings. It is Dr. McConnell's opinion that there is some evidence to show that air conditioning is beneficial in certain medical techniques, such as special room treatment for some forms of hay fever, and some specialized treatments in anemia and in some allergic diseases. In general, however, there are no data which show conclusively that conditioned air is beneficial to health.

On the other hand, there is enough evidence available to show that the large temperature differences to which a person is subject when going from a cool air-conditioned building to the street on a hot summer day may have certain detrimental effects on the health. Dr. Lloyd Arnold, professor of Bacteriology and Public Health of the College of Medicine, University of Illinois, has stated that the so-called "comfort zone" (about 70°) maintained in many theaters and public buildings is too far below outside temperatures for persons to make a quick adjustment when going from one temperature to another. In some cases this temperature difference amounts to as much as 20°. It is common for persons to catch head colds in a 70° room on a hot day, and many persons feel dizzy, or even collapse, when they come out of such a room into a 90° outside temperature. Dr. Arnold believes that differences between inside and outside temperatures should not be more than 10° Fahrenheit and possibly less, with a relative humidity between 40 and 50 percent.

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There are other hazards that accompany air-conditioning systems about which one seldom hears. In the comparatively large cooling systems necessary to maintain a house at a comfortable temperature in hot weather, the quantity of refrigerants may be dangerously high. Any slight leak in the refrigerating plant will result in the toxic fumes (sulphur dioxide and ammonia are commonly used) being quickly spread to all parts of the house. This hazard should not be minimized. Dr. C. S. Cragoe, senior physicist, Bureau of Standards, has recently urged that due consideration be given to this question of safety "in order that a major tragedy might not take place and give the air-conditioning business a bad setback."

An air-conditioning system also increases the ease with which your house may burn down. This hazard lies principally in the ducts through which smoke and hot gases can quickly spread from one room to another. Fires in the air ducts are difficult to fight, and large fire losses may be expected where such ducts are made of or lined with combustible materials or where they are of metal in contact with wood floors and partitions.

The cost of air conditioning one's home or even a single room is out of all proportion to the benefits to be derived from it. One experimental installation in the now famous "Detroit Edison Research Residence" shows that when conditions are nearly ideal the costs involved are prohibitive for all save a very small fraction of home owners. While actual installations and equipment costs are not given, they must have been in the neighborhood of $400 for the two-ton refrigerating system used. The operating cost for one season was $11.96. The industry cites this as an example of the low cost of residential summer cooling. Careful study of the data, however, reveals that the artificial cooling system was only in operation for fourteen days during the whole season—that is, it actually cost 85 cents a day to operate the system. This cost of course did not include any interest on the investment or depreciation, although fixed charges amount to three or four times as much as operating costs alone. With these included, the total cost was about $3 a day. This estimate still omits the very large additional outlay to prepare the house for cooling—such as specially insulated walls and the use of awnings and blinds to keep out the sun.

In order to keep the cost of operating the cooling system down as low as possible, no outside air was drawn into the cooling air during the period of operation. This in spite of the fact that the heating and ventilating industry, in putting its program over in the schools, insisted that thirty cubic feet per person per minute of outside fresh air was essential.

Home owners are being asked to invest several hundred dollars in cooling equipment that will operate at most in a city with summer temperatures comparable to those of Detroit about thirty days, and only twenty days in a normal summer.

If the air-conditioning system is complete it must also, as previously stated, take care of heating and humidifying the home air in the winter. Equipment at all adequate for a seven or eight-room house will cost not less than $2,500 and probably more when completely installed. Additional problems are also presented in such combined heating and humidifying plants. For example, if the temperature of the air is kept at 70° (a common requirement for most Americans who insist upon hothouse temperatures) and if an attempt is made to keep the relative humidity at a reasonable and comfortable point —about 50 percent—moisture will be deposited on all surfaces that are 40° or lower. This results in windows and doors becoming heavily coated with frost, and attics have been known to become literally snowbound. The only solution to this problem is to reduce room temperatures to around 66-68 degrees, and it then becomes possible to keep the humidity at a reasonable point without frost forming on all cold surfaces. Keeping humid air circulating by means of a blower or fan through metal ducts will result in rapid rusting and deterioration of all metal surfaces if the best of materials are not used. Many systems have rusted out in the course of a few seasons' run.

All air-conditioning systems are noisy, some more so than others. Home owners can expect considerable annoyance from their installations in this respect if the equipment is not carefully placed and mounted in such a way that fan noises and vibrations are not carried to all parts of the house.

At the present time the most satisfactory installation of air-conditioning equipment has been in large units, such as those used in theatres, restaurants, trains, etc., where the investment has justified the expense of engaging the services of the best heating and ventilating experts available. But in many instances even the large installations have proved wholly unsatisfactory. One building owner's point of view is expressed in a recent issue of Heating, Piping and Air Conditioning:

> They [hard-boiled building owners and managers] remember instances where the right system was put in the wrong place, or vice versa. They have known of an air washer standing idle and rusting for years or they have been in a so-called conditioned building where the air washer was not idle but should have been, because the humidity was almost like the proverbial fogs of London. Others have gone into restaurants on a hot summer's day for a rib of beef, but have come out with a stiff neck. They have been in theaters where the combination of a snow scene on the screen and the cold air on their feet have caused a fast but not painless transportation from July to January. Others have seen the air-conditioned space in a partially treated building rented at a lower rate than the adjacent unconditioned space.

If this situation is at all representative of large air-conditioning installations, it is far more true of the smaller equipment now installed or being offered for private residences, where it is not possible to

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engage the services of a consultant engineer to lay out the system and check on all the important details of the installation. Far too many concerns with little financial backing and practically no engineering staffs are offering "air-conditioning" equipment to home owners. The majority of such units will never operate satisfactorily.

Home owners paid a terrific price in cold cash and headaches for empirically designed heating appliances when the oil-burner industry was getting under way. They will save themselves another thorough shakedown if they will pass up air conditioning until the industry has put several more years of careful research into considering what is possible and desirable for the average householder. At the end of that time we may all conclude that treated air is not the great benefactor that it has been advertised to be.

DEWEY H. PALMER.

Henry Wright

A FEW weeks ago, in the midst of a busy life, Henry Wright died at the age of fifty-eight. All those who seek to build Jerusalem in this green and pleasant land will mourn his going and bitterly regret the loss. For Wright was perhaps the most fertile mind in that small group of architects, geographers and sociologists who have been preparing the way for a renascence in our urban culture; and his boldness of thought, his selfless devotion to the public interest and his scorn of pecuniary standards and evaluations, gave him a special authority among his contemporaries and his students.

This community planner and architect bore an odd resemblance to Robert Frost—the same long humorous upper lip, the same erect brush of gray hair, the same ashen complexion, the same innocent, upraised eyebrow and gray-blue eyes behind which a demon lurked. Wright was indeed a poet in his proper person: but a poet who used statistics, who leaned for inspiration over a drawing board, a poet whose plans for houses and communities rose "to meet the expectation of the land." If to plant a tree, to build a house, and to beget a baby is, as Emerson taught, a sign of maturity, then Henry Wright was a mature man; and his work foretold the erection of communities in which men and women capable of enjoying maturity could live. The nineteen-twenties will be remembered in American architecture as a decade in which the tricksters and shysters were building windy skyscrapers, suggesting green tiles as a substitute for grass and invoking, by the environment they created, a wholesale sterility, if not universal suicide. It will also be remembered for the powerful impetus that Henry Wright gave to the movement back to common sense, to the earth, to social realities, to the human scale.

Who was Henry Wright? The man lacked either the facility or the desire to dramatize himself: that is why, though he did not avoid public work and public appearances, his name remained largely unknown to the reading public. My first memory of Wright goes back to 1923; a week-end meeting at the Hudson Guild Farm in Netcong, New Jersey, attended by a small group of architects and planners and their friends. Mr. Alexander Bing was there, cautiously feeling his way toward new experiments in housing—Wright had been brought on from St. Louis to meet him—and Patrick Geddes was there, alert, explosive, insistent, sitting cross-legged under the trees, like a venerable Hindu sage. As we sat down to supper the first night, I noticed that Wright had been pushed into the periphery of our circle, away from the bigwigs and the talkers: he was cheerfully sitting down at a table with a few adolescents and one of the hired hands.

This modesty and unassumingness were characteristic of the man: he was always being talked down by people with louder voices, pushed to one side by people with more active elbows: yet somehow, with an inevitability that bore witness to both his passion for ideas and his persistence, he would presently be in the center of the group. In a committee of architects, a conference of city planners, an association of housing experts, it would be Henry Wright who (his eyes quietly dancing with excitement) would bring forth the ideas that got beneath the preconceptions or uncriticized assumptions of his associates. He was ever on guard against a coercive unanimity: emblem of thought that had gone dead. If, among his closest associates, he found that last year's fresh discovery was becoming this year's deadly platitude, he would even turn savagely on his own views and tear them to shreds. He had the instinct of the old pioneers when he found his intellectual neighbors were beginning to crowd round too close: he would pull up stakes and look for a less settled country. Yet, with all this adventurousness, no man ever hewed more steadfastly to his own line: the planning of really human communities was food and drink and recreation and dream for Henry Wright. No bait of money or authority ever diverted him from the main preoccupation of his life.

Before 1923 Wright's most important work in community planning had been with the United States Shipping Board during the War: after this, his opportunities came in quick succession. With Clarence Stein, he became co-designer of the first fresh housing experiment after the War, that of the

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City Housing Corporation at Sunnyside, and later he presided over the design of Radburn.

Wright would have been the first to disclaim sole credit for the important innovations of either Sunnyside or Radburn; indeed, in an article published in The Western Architect, "The Autobiography of Another Idea," he traced in considerable detail the various experiments that came to a head in the plan of Radburn. But there is no question about Wright's preëminence as a strategist in site-layout and community planning: in any given situation, he would have six ideas to another's one; for like a great strategist—and his favorite game was chess—he carefully prepared plans A, B and C, and then promptly and cheerfully ditched them to improvise plan F when the critical moment arrived.

The three important features of the Radburn plan, as worked out by Wright and Stein, and their associates, were first the superblock, which consisted of a series of dead-end streets, terminating in a public park and surrounded by avenues for wheeled traffic; second, the continuous park-belt, weaving through the scheme of superblocks and forming a continuous system; and third, the organization of domestic neighborhoods about the local school and playing field, ensuring the safety of children, as well as adult pedestrians, by a complete separation of footpaths from traffic avenues. The plan of Radburn—paralleled but not anticipated by similar schemes on a smaller scale in Europe—was the most important innovation in city planning since Sir Raymond Unwin's demonstration of the economic fallacy of overcrowding. Henry Wright's claim on posterity's attention might well rest alone on his contribution to that plan.

Only second to Radburn was the work that Henry Wright did for the New York State Housing and Regional Planning Commission under Mr. Stein's chairmanship: work that culminated in the report of 1926. In a field where there were no precedents or guideposts in any country, Wright developed a fresh method of approach, projected a series of economic and social objectives, and staked out new territory in the field of planning: he showed that a rational development of New York would neither congest all its population into the two great port-termini of Buffalo and New York, as had been steadily taking place since the eighties, nor attempt to decentralize them aimlessly through the entire area: he showed rather that there was a natural belt of settlement along the Mohawk and the Hudson Valleys, where new garden cities might be built, or existing smaller towns expanded with new housing and new communal facilities, and that there was even a neglected region, along Lake Ontario, ill served by railroads and relatively undeveloped, that had finer qualities of soil and climate than many more intensively occupied areas. When Wright's report finally appeared, it was plain that it was a classic: but so cleanly did this survey set itself against plans for metropolitan aggrandizement that the dominant school of "regional" planners—as full of stale illusions as the skyscraper architects—ignored it for well-nigh a decade.

Almost alone among his generation of architects and planners in the East, Henry Wright was sympathetic to the new vernacular architecture of the machine, and he found much to admire in its exponents in Europe—the community plans of Ernst May in Frankfort, the apartment houses of Miès Van der Rohe in Berlin and the modern suburb of Neubühl near Zürich. Such a man was bound to become a teacher of the younger generation: he was one of the few planners who understood their lingo, their desires, their hopes. During the thirties he maintained a small summer school for a chosen few at his farm in New Jersey; and this school, together with the Housing Study Guild, which he helped to found in 1932, did more to train the younger generation of architects for public service in housing than any other institution.

Despite his unique gifts and his abundant experience, none of the government departments at Washington was prepared to make full use of Wright's services; and he naturally looked with scorn upon the muddle of contradictory organizations that had been rigged up to promote—and equally to obstruct—public housing. So, while he did not disdain the opportunity to serve as part-time consultant, first under the P.W.A., later in the Resettlement Division, his heart was elsewhere. By 1934 he had decided to devote himself in the main to teaching; and Columbia University wisely availed itself of the opportunity by creating a professorship for him. Had he lived, a whole generation would have borne the stamp of his humane mind, now eager and adventurous, now cautious and critical, always profoundly analytic, always aware of unsuspected alternatives: above all sturdily conscious of the human objectives that are crystalized about a tree, a house and a baby.

In Henry Wright's book on "Re-Housing Urban America" his vast observation and experience as a planner were, in a measure, summed up. But though much of the book is of a technical nature, there is one chapter that defines the essence of the man: the chapter on the quality of space. For Wright, however eagerly he might seek to reduce costs and cut corners, approached the problem as one who had lived on a modest scale most of his life, and who knew, from his own domestic experience, how unwise it is to save on space if the result is an infant's discomfort, a young lover's embarrassment or a married pair's domestic jangling. That guiding sense of human realities made him the ideal tutor of a generation that must plan, not for the well-to-do and not for a fictitious economy of abundance, but for the masses of common men and women who wish to recover the essential sanities of a living environment, and who will not forever be bribed and put off by purely mechanical substitutes. In Henry Wright's personality one recovered a sense that the best Americans give—one finds it in Emer-

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son, Thoreau, Sullivan—a sense of the perpetual novelty and freshness of life, the miracle of a blade of grass, the elation of a baby discovering its toes. The light that came over Henry Wright's face at the first morning-shiver of a new idea always had a hint of dawn in it, a promise of repeated dawns. That quality does not die: there are generations still unborn in communities still unplanned who will be more helpful neighbors, happier lovers, more responsive parents, because Henry Wright was so passionately interested in the quality of space, and put life itself before all the minor instruments of living.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

This Summer, This Year

THE DENTIST had not intended sending his wife and two children to the seashore this August, his constantly dwindling practice and his constantly mounting debts had not warranted it; but he had sent them. After they had left, the dentist spent the hot days sitting alone in the waiting room in the soft chair near the window. In the evenings he locked the dark and lonely apartment behind him and went for long walks through the quiet Brooklyn streets. He got letters from his wife and children at the seashore and the letters cheered him, they were his only solace through the hours during which hardly anyone opened the door of his office. And at night when he could not sleep because of the heat or because of his worry over the future he visualized his wife and children sitting in the dining room of the hotel or lying on the beach in the sun or walking along the boardwalk in the breeze.

One Saturday night—hardly a week after his wife and children had gone—the dentist had a sudden desire to be with them for a day. He had put out the lights in the operating room and was taking his first step on the dark red carpet of the waiting room when the idea suddenly came to him. He stood still, a smile came over his face, and in a moment he snapped his fingers excitedly. He was quickly enlivened by the prospect of a Sunday at the seashore, he was good-humoredly exasperated with himself for not having planned the inexpensive holiday before, and he was urged on by the knowledge of the surprise and delight with which his wife and children would greet him when they saw him walking up the steps of the hotel. He was like a man in whom the exuberance of boyhood is again supreme. He hurried into the bedroom, singing under his breath. He got his bathing suit out of the drawer, packed his bag and left it open on the chair beside his bed, called the Terminal to find out when the first bus left in the morning. He went to bed early. He could not fall asleep, and lay in bed looking up at the ceiling.

He had set the alarm for five o'clock but when he awoke the next morning it was nearly five-thirty. He jumped out of bed with a cry of exasperation and dismay. The alarm had not gone off. He hurried into his clothes. He would barely have time to make the bus. If he missed it, he might have to lose hours waiting for the next one. It was cool now and faintly light and the dentist knew that it was going to be a fine day. He could almost see the white sand of the beach and the glint of the sun on the waves and the bright colors of the bathing suits.

He hurried out of the apartment and downstairs. It was light now and still cool and he hurried to the next corner. But he looked down the street as far as he could see and there was not even a sign of any trolley. He bit his lip. There was no telling when the next car would come at this hour. If he walked in another direction to the subway he might have to stand on the platform for twenty minutes before a train came and then it would be only a local.

He was bitterly resigned to missing the first bus and losing half of his only morning at the beach when a taxi that was cruising along the car tracks slowed down opposite him. "Taxi?" the Negro driver said, leaning toward him and raising his finger. And for a moment the dentist stared at him. It was years since he had taken a cab. Years! But he knew that he was going to take one now, this morning. Once!

"How much to the bus terminal at Fiftieth Street and Seventh Avenue?" he called to the driver. "Without the meter."

The driver frowned and said, "Boss, you know we ain't allowed to do that. That's dangerous for us."

The dentist inclined his head slightly and shrugged his shoulders. "That's up to you," he said casually. "If you want to make a dollar—"

"Take you for a dollar and a quarter," the driver urged him.

The dentist smiled slightly and shook his head.

"All right," the driver said, leaning over and opening the door.

The dentist picked up his suitcase and walked over to the cab and got in. The driver pulled the door shut and looked around and started off.

"Make it fast, will you?" the dentist said, sitting back.

"O.K., boss," the driver said.

The dentist crossed his legs and looked before him along the empty street. He breathed deeply. The car tracks fled back beneath him. He turned his head aside and looked out of the window. The empty sidewalks and the quiet houses fell quickly behind. It was going to be a fine day at the shore. He would surprise them! He would be there by—Suddenly he heard a shout, *"Hey!—taxi!"* and jerking his head around to the side from which the shout came he saw a policeman coming swiftly toward the taxi with his stick lifted and pointed at the driver.

The dentist looked at the driver in surprise. The driver squealed the car nearly to a stop and cursed and drew up to the curb. His lips were pressed tightly together and he shook his head slowly and turned his face partly to the dentist. "I'm gonna

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git it now," he said. "Damn it, didn't I tell you?"

"Didn't you tell me what?" the dentist said, leaning forward.

"Clock off, hey?" the policeman said. He was beside the taxi now. He was taking his pad and pen out of his hip pocket and looking grimly at the driver.

Abruptly the driver turned around and looked at the dentist. "I lose my job now," he said. "See what you made me do?"

The dentist saw. He had the incomprehensible feeling that he was under a kind of hypnosis. He felt that he had known the Negro driver for years.

The dentist's palms were moist and his mouth was dry and he moved uncomfortably on the soft leather seat. "Officer," he said, "it isn't the driver's fault. He didn't want to—"

"Are you driving this cab?" the policeman said, looking up.

"No," the dentist said.

"All right, then. He knows damn well he can't carry a fare without putting on the meter. You know that, don't you?" the policeman said, turning to the driver.

"Yes, boss," the driver said, looking down at the floor of the cab. "I know you're makin' me lose my job too."

"You should of thought of that before," the policeman said, writing in his pad.

"I was thinkin' of it all the time," the driver said.

"Well—tell your fare that."

"I told him."

The dentist listened without moving. He looked from the cab driver's dark face to the policeman's pale face. His own face burned. He held his hands on his knees and didn't know what to say. "I'll be late!" he thought suddenly and opened his mouth to exclaim at the policeman—but at almost the same moment the impulse left him.

"Do I have to get out?" he said to the policeman.

"You can stay now," the policeman said. He was getting through. "And pay by the clock," he said.

The dentist winced. "What happens to the driver?" he asked.

"I git reported to the supervisor this afternoon and then I lose my cab," the driver said, half-turning around. "And the company won't never take me back."

The dentist bit his lip and looked at the policeman and shook his head. "That's pretty harsh," he said.

"Who got him into it?" the policeman said.

"It's my fault," the dentist said, gripping his knees.

The driver shook his head. "Ain't nobody's fault," he said, looking before him. "We just all caught in it, that's all. Only I'm out of a job now," he said, taking a deep breath. "That's all I know."

The dentist leaned back in his seat.

He had a headache and he took off his hat and put his fingers to his wet forehead.

EUGENE JOFFE.

Hawkwise, the Wind[1]

(For W. L. E.: Green Bay: 7. V. 1934)

Fire like harrying packs,
snapping hounds, has run the spring
down, attacked.
The ground,

the pine-root, stump, the lower
boughs are burnt black, the brambles—
ash. Pines bar the black
land with blacker shadows.

On pine-branch,
the hawk! rides, its feathers
ruffled and the branches
tossed, its beak

speechless, its claws
eloquent of death, the dead
snake drooping from them. Only the eyes
are alive—baleful, shining,

swerving as wind
swerves, silent as wind is
silent, alive.
Hawk: what

kills wait in your claws,
your wing, your silence?
Hawkwise, the wind
swoops—and it rises—there!

winged terror-of-the-woods, its
prey the anguish of our hearts, our
cries it trails behind, rising
from the thicket silences.

(Slantwise and
sliding as wind slides, gliding
the silence, it is
the owl

rouses the fright of jays,
their cries from the cedar-swamp.
They rise from cedars
crying.

But who else comes? My heart is
cold, veins ice, lungs
silent, one breath
risen and rising like one last

bird
risen and flying from the stony
and the frozen land, with winter
come.)

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON.

[1] The poem appearing above was published in our issue of June 24, but because of a last-minute typographical error, some lines were transposed. In justice to the author, and to our readers, we are reprinting the poem this week.—THE EDITORS.

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Washington Notes

"A Farm for Every Farmer"—The Southern Policy Committee Goes into Action—A Bill to End Foreclosures

FROM A long-term point of view, the Democratic primaries now being held in the South are of great significance, perhaps greater than next November's national election. Two clearly defined factions have arisen within the Southern Democratic Party and are beginning to do battle. For the first time in many years primaries in the South are being fought on issues, rather than personalities. In the recent senatorial primary in Oklahoma, the status quo, with its virtues and way of life, was eloquently championed by the blind Senator Gore. He was opposed by three candidates—Representative Josh Lee, Governor Marland and Gomer Smith, Dr. Townsend's former pet—all differing among themselves, but all hostile to the traditional South. In the preliminary primary, Mr. Gore and the status quo ran a poor fourth.

Mr. Josh Lee (born Joshua Bryan), an elocution professor in the University of Oklahoma, campaigned on the issue of the redistribution of land. In Oklahoma, farm tenancy has increased from one percent in 1890, to 55 percent in 1910, and 61 percent in 1935. One of Mr. Lee's election slogans was, "A Farm for Every Farmer." According to report, it was taken as a literal promise by the Oklahoma peasantry, who flocked to his meetings shouting, "Hallelujah!" and "Glory to God!" Mr. Lee was obliged to issue a formal explanation to the effect that he did not advocate the immediate splitting up of Oklahoma's plantations, and that all he meant was that he would work for land legislation in Washington if elected.

This question of the redistribution of land is appearing everywhere in Southern primaries. It was made a concrete political issue by the farm-tenant bill of Senator John Bankhead. Introduced at the last session of Congress, the Bankhead bill passed the Senate, only to be strangled in the House Committee on Agriculture by Southern reactionaries. It is rapidly becoming the South's Magna Charta.

Behind the activity of Southern candidates is the Southern Policy Committee, the report of whose second conference at Chattanooga became public last week. The Southern Policy Committee parallels, in politics, the Southern agrarian movement among writers. But where the Southern novelists and poets seem content to remain aloof from the remainder of the country, and have declined an alliance with proletarian writers of the North and West, the Southern Policy Committee seems destined soon to be in the thick of national left-wing politics. It explicitly recognizes—for example, in its brilliant pamphlet, "Southern Population and Social Planning," by T. J. Woofter Jr.—that the South cannot easily solve its problems by its own efforts. By necessity, Southerners will have to work through Congress, and there they will have to combine with like-minded groups from other regions. In another Southern Policy pamphlet, the committee's chairman, H. Clarence Nixon of Tulane University, argues that the unemployment provisions of the present federal social-security law are particularly unjust to the South, and urges that Southern representatives in Congress support, as a substitute, the Lundeen bill. Since the Lundeen bill is the darling of the left-wing groups of the North and West, its espousal by Southerners would create an important bond of unity.

Judged by the report of its Chattanooga conference, not all the members of the Southern Policy Committee agree with Mr. Herbert Agar that property is the most desirable guarantee of liberty. Mr. George Fort Milton of The Chattanooga Times, for example, puts forward a program that, among other things, calls for "competent and efficient public control" of large-scale industry and public utilities. But in regard to the farm problem, the committee comes down solidly on the side of ownership. Its objective is the owner-operated, family-sized farm, with the most complete security of tenure possible. One of the recommendations adopted at Chattanooga is that Southern states should amend their constitutions "whereby a substantial homestead exemption from taxation in favor of the farm owner-operator would be possible." The object of this recommendation is permanently to guarantee the farmer against loss of his property through sheriff's sales.

In its present form, the Bankhead bill carries this ideal of security of tenure a step further. During the Senate debates, Senator Norris fought stubbornly and successfully for an amendment stipulating that an equity of $2,500 in every farm financed under the bill be reserved from foreclosure. Since it is unlikely that many farms acquired through the Bankhead Act will be worth more than $5,000, and since lenders usually demand that at least half of a property on which a mortgage is sought should be unencumbered, in practice this provision would mean that farmers could not borrow, and thus would be utterly secure.

A similar philosophy is expressed in the extremely ambitious bill introduced in the last session of Congress by the youthful Representative Hugh Peterson of Georgia, a promising Southern leader and editor of The Montgomery Monitor. He proposes that the federal government buy up all farm mortgages—or at least all distressed mortgages—and go through a form of foreclosure, by which it would take possession of whatever portion of a man's farm was necessary to satisfy the debt. The owner of the farm would then, however, be invited to homestead the land, after the fashion of westward-emigrating farmers of the post-Civil War period. The homestead portion of his land could not be taken from him for failure to pay taxes, and he would be debarred from mortgaging it.

The central objective of the Bankhead bill, of Mr. Peterson's scheme and of the program of the Southern Policy Committee is to establish an enduring small-farmer class. Critics have already pointed out its similarity to Mr. Hitler's noble Bauern. The differences, however, seem as great as the resemblances. In Germany, the noble Bauern created by Hitler's edicts not only cannot mortgage their land, or be dispossessed because of unpaid taxes, but they are also forbidden to sell it, and are compelled to bequeath it to the eldest son of the family. No Southern political leader seriously proposes a hereditary caste of farmers in this country. Owners can sell their properties at any time, and bequeath them to whomever they wish. But while they remain actively engaged in farming, they are to be surrounded by a high degree of involuntary security.

Washington. T. R. B.

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Other People's Money

Virginia's Institute of Public Affairs—A Forum for Special Pleaders—Shades of Thomas Jefferson —Wall Street Speaks Its Piece

THE University of Virginia has been making the headlines with what it is pleased to call its Institute of Public Affairs. One of the most important subjects discussed was Business and Finance. The University of Virginia is an institution of higher learning. One has a right to suppose, therefore, that such an institute under such auspices will foster scholarly pursuit of the truth about the great public subjects it seeks to explore. In fact we are assured that this is the case. In the announcement of the approaching conclave of savants the Institute informed its prospective guests that "*able and impartial* leaders have been selected to direct each of the round-table discussion groups; and, as in the past, we are seeking out men and women who are qualified by experience and training to present a variety of points of view."

With this in mind you are brought up with a bit of a jerk when you find that the round table on business and finance (apparently the most important at the institute this year) was "sponsored by the New York Stock Exchange" and that the leader of the round table was Mr. Robert N. Hanes of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

The selection of the speakers was entrusted to the New York Stock Exchange and the invitations to the speakers actually went out from that great institution of learning on Broad and Wall Streets. The able and impartial gentlemen selected by the Stock Exchange to present "a variety of points of view" were about as you would expect. Thomas Jefferson, who had done so many things, chose to have carved upon his tombstone as the two achievements worthy to be mentioned at his grave, that he was the author of the Declaration of Independence and the founder of the University of Virginia. Is it too much to believe that the great founder must have vibrated vigorously in his coffin as he beheld from the other shore the great institution he had built crawling with "scholars" and "students" from Wall Street? Indeed one may ask what the people of Virginia may think of this performance—their proud university turned into a sounding board for the audacious Casino at Broad and Wall.

The higher learning about business and finance, as it poured into the papers, and the "impartial and able" character of the discussions are well illustrated in the newspaper headlines that surmounted the reports in The New York Times. "Stock Speculation Championed by Gay" (Charles R. Gay, president of the Exchange); "Speakers at University Institute of Virginia Hold Trading Abuses Few." The other speakers on this day, designed to introduce a note of diversion after Mr. Gay's address, were W. W. Cumberland, an exchange member, and Charles H. Meyer, author of a treatise on Wall Street law. Both of these gentlemen, along with Mr. Gay, uttered for the ten-thousandth time all the old platitudinous assumptions that the Exchange's publicity department has been putting out for years. But of course it is not every day they go out under the sponsorship of a Southern university far removed from Wall Street.

Another day the headline read: "Tax Experts Score Capital Gains Tax." Both speakers were in hearty agreement. Another headline read: "Social Act Perils Security of All, Says W. W. Aldrich"—head, by the way, of the Chase National Bank. Other speakers that day were Mr. Arthur W. Ballantine, lawyer and assistant secretary of the Treasury under Hoover, also Colby M. Chester of the General Foods Corporation and president of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Another day the speakers were George V. McLaughlin of the Brooklyn Trust Company and Edmund Platt, vice-president of the Marine Midland Group, a large holding-company banking system of New York State. Along with Dr. W. Randolph Burgess of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, they all agreed that "credit could not be controlled."

Finally one single representative of another point of view was permitted to be heard, Commissioner W. O. Douglas, of the Securities and Exchange Commission. Commissioner Douglas made an able defense of segregating broker and dealer functions on the Exchange. But on this day variety was introduced because there were two other speakers to counterbalance Mr. Douglas' appearance—Dr. Leland Rex Robinson, president of the International Securities Corporation, and Mr. Kenneth C. Hogate, president of Dow, Jones and Company, the great Wall Street reporting service.

Looking at this program one might well imagine a round table on the subject of race-track gambling "sponsored by the New York Jockey Club," with Mr. Tom Walsh as "the able and impartial leader," or a symposium on the subject of crap-shooting with the Honorable Rastus Jackson holding the chair of "able and impartial" moderator. Or the University might get up a round table next year on the economic and social uses of racketeering, to be heralded by such headlines as "Poultry Control Held Economically Sound by Lucky Luciano," or "Capone Scores Federal Interference."

This is not a novel technique for the University of Virginia. I had access today to a copy of the 1932 program. Economic Recovery was the subject of one round table. The speakers were Mr. Marcus Nadler and John Madden, both now of New York University, and famous as directing heads of the International Institute of Finance, sponsored by New York University and supported by the American Bankers' Association; Dr. Paul Mazur of Lehman Brothers, Robert Warren of Case, Pomeroy and Company, Raleigh S. Rife of the Guaranty Trust Company, W. W. Cumberland and Edmund Platt, both of whom appeared on this year's program. They are old favorites.

Anyhow, it is a splendid spectacle and helps to throw a great, indeed an almost blinding light upon the processes of higher education in the United States. Virginia may well be proud of her professors who surrender into the hands of Wall Street so openly, so shamelessly, her ancient and honorable forum to be a platform from which this New York crowd may high-pitch their sordid philosophies.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Young Man with a Horn

IN THE field of popular art (notwithstanding the movie versions of "Anthony Adverse" and "The Green Pastures"—of which more when there is less to talk about), the best thing at this time is the reminder that the brief obscure history of jazz music also has its great dead. And the greatest of these—the greatest of all, one is sometimes bound to think as some old scratched record is put on the machine and that vibrant tonal attack arches suddenly out over the band, unmistakable and perfect—the greatest of these was a young man from the corn belt, Leon (Bix) Beiderbecke, who played the horn.

The recent popularization of the best popular music has been tardy and responsible for much faddish nuisance: radio announcers with voices you might spread on a muffin suddenly trying to go barrel-house, young squirts all over the place in crew haircuts yelling Swing gate, send the cats! as though to do so were to do something very desirable and deep indeed. But the main results have been for the best and many things have been made possible. For instance, the Victor company has made several repressings of numbers that have long been cut out and now brings thoughtfully forward an album of twelve ten-inch sides from its back files. The album features Beiderbecke solos that up to now could not be had for love or money—which is such cheerful news that I can't help saying a few words to the folks.

Bix Beiderbecke lived very briefly and in what might be called the servants' entrance to art, dying in 1931 at the age of twenty-seven. His story is a good story, quite humble and right. He had a background of ragtime and riverboats and five and six-piece jazz bands, the changes and speeding up in America after the War. He seems to have been fooling around with music from the time he could walk, learning piano while he was still a kid in Davenport, later getting himself a cornet and learning to play it, turning by aptitude and instinct to music—especially to the raw spirits of music being distilled in the land around him.

For his talent there were no conservatories to get stuffy in, no high-trumpet didoes to be learned doggedly, note-perfect as written, because in his chosen form the only writing of any account was traced in the close shouting air of Royal Gardens, Grand Pavilions, honkeytonks, etc. And yet when Bix turned to the jazz cornet, he perfected a straight tone and absolute fluency which bow to no classical technique whatever, and which for that matter would be the despair of most brass sections to be found today.

An analysis of his music as a whole would amount to a statement of most of the best elements in jazz—which is a little too much for this spot. Briefly, he played a full easy tone, no forcing, faking or mute tricks, no glissando to cover unsure attack or vibrato to fuzz over imprecisions of pitch—it all had to be in the music. And the clear line of that music is something to wonder at. You see, this is the sort of thing that is almost wholly improvised, starting from a simple theme, taking off from that into a different and unpredictable melodic line, spontaneous, personal—almost a new tune but still shadowing the old one, anchored in its chord sequence. Obviously, without lyric invention and a perfect instinct for harmony, this is no go for a minute, let alone chorus after chorus, night after night. And yet here is this fantastic chap, skipping out from behind a bank of saxophones for eight measures in the clear and back again, driving up the tension with a three-note phrase as brash and gleeful as a kid with a prank, riding down the whole length of a chorus like a herd of mustangs—everywhere you find him there is always this miracle of constant on-the-spot invention, never faltering or repeating, every phrase as fresh and glistening as creation itself.

Just as characteristic was the driving rhythm against which he played, the subtle and incisive timing that could make even a low and lazy figure of syncopation explode like blows in the prize ring. Bix had a rhythmic invention that seemed inexhaustible, variety without straining; and in all his cross-rhythms and flights of phrasing, retarding the beat or flying on ahead of it, there was always the insistent implication of the steady one-two-three-four drive that usually has its base in the rhythm section, particularly in the riding beat of a solid swing drummer.

Still and all, these things were part of it, not the whole—something would have to be said about the spirit behind all this, the man in the music, before the music was explained: the candor, force, personal soundness, good humor and sheer love of the thing. Bix appears to have struck too fast a pace in the years after he was brought to New York by Jean Goldkette—an immigrant boy then burning up the East with the best big band of his time—drinking himself gradually out of the picture in the last years with Whiteman, becoming less and less productive and worrying his friends. But there is no evidence in his music that he ever got up-stage or did a small thing.

But talk about music is pretty generally doomed to be sterile and dull, because the only way to catch music is out of the air—to be listening to the heavy motion of the band as it comes down to the taking-off point in, say, "Slow River" (one two three four *one*—stop) and hear those clear trumpet tones spring up over the iron of the banjo chords, boundless, exuberant of attack, as pure and easy as anything. They are there and then they are gone and the orchestra is back in its heavy stride. Patently, what is there to say about that? Or take another old one, "After You've Gone," where they get off with the expected wealth of arrangements and everything, and then as the violins are working them out of the vocal, and bad going at that, everything is suddenly an airy structure with trumpet notes falling down through it like showers, and Mr. Bix Beiderbecke is playing his fluent reckless little tune, this time with restraint and an instinctive sweet sadness, no doubt in deference to content: "After you've gone, babe, after you've gone away." Same thing in a recording Hoagy Carmichael made of his own tune "Georgia," where if you play it you will hear (directly following that beautiful eight-bar creation from Jack Teagarden's trombone) the Bix cornet still swinging free and bold, but sensitive now to the shadings of a foolish and eternally lovely tune about how "just a little song keeps Georgia on my mind."

And even these fragments and snatches are only side-issues, for Bix Beiderbecke is to be found at his highest and best in a few of the early Goldkette and Whiteman tunes ("Clementine," "San," etc.) and especially in the small all-star outfits he and Trumbauer used to get together from larger personnels. Here he is irrepressible, with licks,

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full choruses, constant background work, all with the throttle wide open and devil take the highmost, but never a false move, never getting tired. The energy alone is something to marvel at, but when it comes to the complexities and lilt of music and rhythms, there is no way of describing it. If you would be patient with me I could mutter and whistle the general idea of the big full solo in "Riverboat Shuffle," which was on the back of "Ostrich Walk," which coupling just about represents the peak of a high and wonderful career—but why waste time with words and poor copies? One hears it, and is moved and made strangely proud; or one does not, and misses one of the fine natural resources of this American country.

OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

The opposition [to the private munitions trade] has an honorable but perhaps mistaken ideal regarding the sanctity of life and the iniquity of war.—*Sir Herbert Lawrence, of Vickers, discussing the munitions trade, before a Royal Commission. Quoted in The Manchester Guardian.*

None of the Southern meets has included events for Negroes. I see no reason to charge us with discrimination when we do not list such events.—*Dorsey Griffith, regional track chairman of the A.A.U., quoted in an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, D. C.*

An educated proletariat is a constant source of disturbance and danger to any nation.—*Nicholas Murray Butler, quoted in The New York World-Telegram.*

Arithmetic, athletics and loyalty to one God, to one country, and one family, and we can all stop worrying about our children or about our beloved country. I make the bald statement—that our government keeps no proper books.—*Mr. Francis P. Garvan, quoted in a pamphlet, "The Scientific Method of Thought in Our National Problems," distributed by The Chemical Foundation, Inc.*

PEACEFUL PENETRATION

Large forces of British troops with machine guns, armored cars and tanks equipped with radios have started a search in the Nablus district. Thus far three Arabs have been killed and several wounded . . . British policemen speaking Arabic accompanied the patrols to reason with the natives. This is in line with the government's recent policy of conciliation by dropping leaflets from airplanes pleading for an end of the disturbances.—*Special dispatch from Jerusalem in The New York Times.*

REPUBLICAN BITES DOG

Lakeside, Ohio.—Changes in the present capitalistic system can best be obtained through the Republican Party, the first Christian Youth Conference of North America decided at its closing session here.—*News item in The Cleveland Press.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address the Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Nietzsche and Spinoza

SIR: The head of the police of the German town of Hanover has given notice to the inhabitants that the "Spinozastrasse" has been renamed and should from now on be called "Nietzschestrasse."

In this connection it may interest your readers to hear of the following letter, written by Nietzsche to his friend Overbeck, then professor at Baile University, under date of July 30, 1881:

> I am astonished, I am delighted. I have a predecessor, and of what standing! I hardly knew Spinoza. It was perhaps a sort of instinct that I just now wished to know more about him. Not only his general tendency is like mine, for he declares understanding as the sovereign principle: but also in five main points of his teaching I recognize myself again. This most abnormal and solitary of thinkers comes nearest to me in the following particulars: He denies freedom of will, the doctrine of final causes, the moral order of the universe, unegotistical action and finally: evil. To sum up: My solitude, which on very high mountains often caused me shortness of breath, is no more: it has become a dialogue with another man.

In the interest of the good town of Hanover it is to be hoped that the Herr Polizei-Präsident is better up in criminal than in philosophical matters, so that the "Aryan" pickpockets may be as easily removed from its streets as the name of a Semitic sage.

OSCAR LEVY.

London, Eng.

The Catholic Church and Politics

SIR: I wish to disagree radically with much of what T. R. B. has to say, in his "Washington Notes" in The New Republic for July 8, as false, malicious and misleading.

T. R. B. says that the formation of the Lemke-Coughlin Union Party marks the entrance of the Roman Catholic Church into politics under the lay leadership of Al Smith and John Raskob and with the approval of the hierarchy. To be sure, he calls this a "theory," but he devotes his entire column to it and gives every indication of taking it seriously.

Is T. R. B.'s memory so short that he does not remember the denunciations of Father Coughlin by Cardinals O'Connell and Hayes? Does he not recall how quickly Father Coughlin withdrew from the leadership of the League for Social Justice, once it had taken on a political nature? Does he not recall the denunciation of Coughlin and his work by the editor-in-chief of America, the Jesuit weekly, or by The Commonweal, the lay weekly journal of opinion? Does he honestly think that the Catholic Church in America is behind Father Coughlin or ever has been? I suggest that he turn to the Catholic press and find the answers to these questions. From the very first Father Coughlin has been distrusted by a great many Catholics, and as his career went on, there were many who publicly voiced the opinion that he was one of the most dangerous demagogues ever to dishonor the priesthood by his actions in a non-religious sphere. There is every indication that a poll of American Catholics would show a majority condemning Coughlin and his works.

T. R. B. says "the Church did not stretch forth a restraining hand, as it might easily have done" [when Coughlin launched the Union Party]. He, as a political commentator, should really know better. Father Coughlin is responsible only to his immediate superior, Bishop M. J. Gallagher of Detroit. Despite a storm of protests and appeals, the Bishop has encouraged the young priest in his work, which the Bishop seems to regard as valuable in its sphere. The Church cannot "stretch forth a restraining hand," by the very nature of its constitution. The only way in which Father Coughlin could be silenced by the Church would be for the American hierarchy to appeal to Rome for the Pope to override the Bishop's decision. This is an extraordinary measure, but it may be invoked if Coughlin's activities provoke other such comments as T. R. B.'s. . . .

New York City. MASON WADE.

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A Proposal for Science

SIR: During the dark ages a favorite subject of debate was how many teeth a horse had. When someone suggested that the teeth be counted, the age of science had begun. Why not select a number of women, as near typical as possible, from the pygmy head hunters of Africa, at the very beginning of pregnancy. Give them the best prenatal care that is known, and then test the children at each stage of their development and compare the results with other races. As acquired characters are not inherited, it seems, we might take the subject out of the realm of soap boxing and let science say whether there is a difference in the amount of development different races are capable of at this time.

Until a race has equal opportunities, we cannot tell, perhaps if it is inferior. But if it should be found inferior, that is no reason for imposing handicaps on it. S. M.

New York City.

Letters of Randolph Bourne

SIR: Will those who have letters of Randolph Bourne or any material pertaining to him kindly communicate with the undersigned at 2 Grove Street, New York City. All documents will be honored with the rarest care.

New York City. EDWARD DAHLBERG.

Women as Bosses

SIR: The letter titled "Women as Bosses" and signed "M. R." in The New Republic of July 22 deserves withering silence, but women are famous for trying to get the last word—aren't they?—and I shall try to get it. It was a hot week when the paper for that issue was made up, and I can't quite decide whether the editors of The New Repulbic slipped the letter into the make-up, carelessly, while mopping their brows or, after a cooling drink, decided it would be fun to watch tempers as well as temperatures rise.

In this "Women as Bosses" matter, I've been on both sides of the fence. Three times in my life I've worked for women, and a few times I've had women (and men) work in organizations I was in charge of. If any of those three women I've worked for ever has a good job open for me again, I'll take it and say thank you. For sheer decency and generosity of spirit I'll back them against any man I've ever met inside or outside any office—and I've worked for some darned fine men too. One of the three women was a radical, one a liberal and one a hide-bound reactionary in politics. None of them was married when I was associated with them. So much for facts, and if anyone wants names and dates, just ask. What the employees under my supervision felt is for them to say.

What disturbs me about M. R.'s letter is his unscientific and emotional attitude, the attitude that makes it so difficult to work for men sometimes. Is it fair to denounce women as executives because he had an unpleasant time of it with one of them? One specimen doesn't make a scientific basis for denunciation any more than one swallow makes a convivial summer. He ought to work for some nice woman sometime—one who will appreciate his views.

New York City. B. E. B.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Marion Groezinger sends us a copy of her letter to Remington Rand, Inc., in answer to their request that she send her proxy to the management to indicate her support, as a holder of common stock, of their policies and plans. Miss Groezinger refuses, on the ground that she completely disagrees with the policies they have used in dealing with recent strikes in their plants, and urges that they settle these disputes on terms agreeable to the strike leaders, including recognition of the union.

Margaret M. Gallagher, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, writes us supporting the position of Mason Wade, expressed above, concerning the influence of the Roman Catholic Church on the formation of the new Union Party. She says that to call the Church an organization is erroneous, that it is really "an organism with its source of life and growth within," and that since our comment was based on this error it is misleading. She denies that the leadership of the Church concerns itself with details of American politics, and adds that, at any rate, the Church believes that the formation of a Catholic party here would tend not to strengthen but to weaken it. Finally, she says that the greatest source of church income is the small contributions from the many, not the large contributions from the few, and that there is no dependence upon its wealthy members in deciding church policy.

William Seagle writes us enclosing a letter from Dr. Augusta Alpert concerning a new progressive school to be opened in Brooklyn this September. It will be known as the Community School, and is particularly intended to solve the problem faced by many progressive schools of having classes too small to offer real social experience to the child. Inquiries should be addressed to Dr. Alpert, 247 East Fifty-second Street, New York City.

Mr. Robert M. Allen, who was secretary of the Association of Food and Drug Control Officials in 1906 when the Federal Food and Drug Act was passed, writes to object to Mr. Maslow's statement in review of Miss Ruth Lamb's recent book on the subject that the law is a "joke." Mr. Allen contends that the law is basically sound, but that enforcement has not been thorough and that certain regulations, notably those on artificial color and chemical preservatives, have not been rigidly drawn.

Seymour Orville Baker writes us from Granville, Illinois, to disagree with a conclusion drawn in our recent article on chain-store taxes by Dayton D. McKean. Mr. McKean declared that "so long as the chains save money for the consumer it is only a question of time until public opinion will come to oppose chain-store taxes." Mr. Baker asks: "Can lower prices to the consumer atone for the wiping out of the middle-class retail merchant and the buying power he represents?" He thinks, too, that chains lower the living standards of their employees, and that if such facts are sufficiently publicized it will "be only a question of time until public opinion will advocate substantial chain-store taxes."

Clarina Michelson writes us on behalf of the forty-five workers who were discharged from Ohrbach's department store for union activity and have been fighting for fifteen weeks for reinstatement. Her address is 116 University Place, New York City.

Henry Smith Leiper, executive secretary of the American section of the Universal Christian Council, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, sends us an appeal for funds to meet a court judgment against The Churchman. During its campaign for better moving pictures the magazine printed an editorial which was technically libelous, and although it retracted as soon as the error was discovered and offered to make further apology, affirming that the mistake was not malicious, the courts ruled against it. The support of the religious press has resulted in raising much of the sum necessary to meet the judgment and costs, but $2,500 is still needed.

William Velarde, president of the Federation of Agricultural Workers' Union, sends us an appeal for funds on behalf of the striking citrus pickers in Orange County, California. He says that the growers are attempting to starve the strikers into submission and that the police, vigilantes and five hundred deputies who have been ordered by Sheriff Jackson to shoot to kill are terrorizing them in the face of stubborn resistance. Contributions should be forwarded to the Strike Relief and Defense Committee, care of the Non-Partisan Labor Defense, Room 321, 124 Sixth Street, Los Angeles, California.

What's on the Air?

King Edward of England, President Lebrun of France and others speak at the dedication of the Canadian Memorial War Monument at Vimy Ridge, France. Sunday, July 26, 9:30 to 10:30 A. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Alistair Cooke, British writer and critic, speaks from London. Sunday, July 26, 6:45 to 7 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

A resumé of the events of the Olympic Games is broadcast from Berlin. Tuesday, July 28, 6 to 6:45 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

There is a broadcast from the Tercentenary Session of Harvard University Summer School. Wednesday, July 29, 5 to 5:15 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Colonel Frank Knox makes his speech of acceptance of the Republican nomination for Vice President from Chicago. Thursday, July 30, 10 to 11 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

A Poet Resurrected

WE ARRIVE at the works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803-49) through a dense smoke-screen of Victorian criticism. The present edition[1] of his prose and poetry, in English and German, is not unlike the careful restoration of a torn and smoke-grimed canvas. To the Victorian critics who saw the Kelsall memoirs and the first collected edition, Beddoes was a bewildering, fragmentary poet. To them he was also a "long forgotten" writer, a creature of disembodied mystery, and Edmund Gosse, the editor of an 1890 edition of the poems, seemed to do his best to keep Beddoes in the gray light of dubious immortality. I doubt that this neglect was conscious or deliberate, for Gosse had an indolent mind that became adroit only in subterfuge or half-willed evasion. It was convenient to accept as truth Beddoes' last words, written with the same hand that had already prepared a draught of poison to hasten death: "I ought to have been, among other things, a good poet." The statement seemed to justify the loss of the Beddoes manuscript, which Gosse and Robert Browning read together, fumbled, mislaid, then lost forever.

But although the Victorians are responsible for the neglect of Beddoes, we must also look for causes of personal failure in the kind of fame that welcomed Beddoes in 1822. In that year Beddoes, well under twenty-one, an undergraduate at Pembroke College, Oxford, received enthusiastic praise for his second book of poetry, "The Bride's Tragedy," a play written in blank verse that bore an outward resemblance to the work of the Elizabethan dramatists.

The critics claimed discovery of another prodigy; the tour de force was interpreted as a signal for the revival of poetic drama and Beddoes was to be its author, a responsibility that he accepted as eagerly as it was given. Mistaken confidence took evil root in Beddoes' imagination: his next play was to be no mere recital of an Oxford crime reset and refurbished as a bride's tragedy, but "'Death's Jest Book' . . . slow & sure . . . entertaining, very unamiable & utterly [since contemporary poetic drama was notoriously bad] unpopular"—in short, a *great* play. Meanwhile Beddoes had already left Oxford for Göttingen to study medicine, particularly human anatomy, and to complete his play, a work that was to be continued for over twenty years, attended at the start by delusions of grandeur, then doubt and, at last, despair. Beddoes was never to see how and when his manuscript ceased to be a play and instead became a collection of poems embodying a central theme. Nor was he to recognize the passage where one poem had come to an end and another had begun. Thanks to Mr. Donner's patient editing of Dykes Campbell's transcript of Beddoes' manuscript, it is now evident that the play was to be a complete revelation of death-in-life, and that its hidden protagonist was the Faustian Mephistopheles—who, in the course of many years, had become Beddoes' other self, his spokesman and his dæmon.

This other self, all but defeated by an impossible ambition, spoke brilliantly:

> Learned I the love of Freedom. Scipio saw I
> Washing the stains of Carthage from his sword,
> And his freed poet, playing on his lyre
> A melody men's souls replied unto:
> Oak-bound and laureled heads, each man a country;
> And in the midst, like a sun o'er the sea
> (Each helm in the crowd gilt by a ray from him),
> Bald Julius sitting lonely in his car,
> Within the circle of whose laurel wreath
> All spirits of the earth and sea were spell-bound.
> Down with him to the grave! Down with the god!
> Stab, Cassius; Brutus, through him; through him, all!
> Dead.—As he fell there was a tearing sigh:
> Earth stood on him; her roots were in his heart. . . .

One would have little difficulty in placing these lines within the same period of forty years that had produced "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," "Adonais," "Manfred." But "Death's Jest Book," unpublished, failed to reach the very public for which it was written, nor did Beddoes, by this time under the misguiding influence of Schiller, learn to adapt dramatic poetry to the demands of plot and character. It is to Beddoes' credit that we do not associate the failure of "Death's Jest Book" with such experiments in romantic drama as "Otho the Great," "The Deformed Transformed" and "Swellfoot the Tyrant"; the play was foredoomed to remain unfinished, quite as D. H. Lawrence was never to complete the larger plan of "The Rainbow," quite as "Hyperion" remains a fragment, and Hart Crane's "The Bridge" could not attain the heroic structure of its original conception. The desire for an all-embracing poetic structure that is to contain the protean conflicts of life itself is also one of the deepest pitfalls of the romantic imagination. It was to produce in Coleridge "Kubla Khan," "Dejection: An Ode" and last, the conscious, unmitigated horror of being unable to write poetry at all. This nightmare was a discontent from which Beddoes could not escape; in the vast theme of death-in-life lay the defeat of its own purpose and, in fact, the very paradox that Beddoes could not resolve:

> My passions swell and grow like brutes conceived;
> My feet are fixing roots, and every limb
> Is billowy and gigantic. . . .

Though the weight of "Death's Jest Book" as an unpublished masterpiece was too heavy a burden for Beddoes to carry with him to the grave, yet he was to find a transitory release from his ambitions in poetry of another character. It is significant that the release was found in revolutionary politics, in livid satire (as much alive today as the moment in which it was written) and that these satires were in German, not in English. It was as though a change in medium had relieved Beddoes of the responsibility for "great" drama that he had been too willing to assume: the result, as in "The Bride's Tragedy," was again a remarkable tour de force, a triple-edged attack on the forces that sanctioned a Holy Alliance, the Church itself and reactionary German poetry. Beddoes had deliberately turned the German language into parody of itself. There is nothing in all literature, aside from John Skelton's "Why Come Ye Not to Court," to compare with the metrical speed of "Antistraussianischer Gruss." It is also significant that this poem, written in defense of David Strauss, whose influence left its impression on the early

[1] The Works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, edited with an introduction by H. W. Donner. New York: The Oxford University Press. 898 pages. $8.75.

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education of Karl Marx, was to find an audience among Swiss and German revolutionaries, was to warn universities of a certain medical student, Herr Beddoes, a little Englishman, who on one occasion at least had roused students to revolt by a mock tribute to the dying Wellington, "Prussia's one Field Marshal."

But these satires, restored to us by Mr. Donner, are all too few, too scattered. Under the quick, pale hands of Metternich revolutions were crushed; the House of Rothschild remained in power; Beddoes' obsession of all-conquering death returned. Near the end of his life, in self-imposed exile, Beddoes was to see again the implications of that victory won at Waterloo, was to see Britannia, not without sorrow, as that symbol we know too well:

> O flattering likeness on a copper coin!
> Sit still upon your slave-raised cotton ball,
> With upright toasting fork and toothless cat:
> The country clown still holds her for a lion.

It is for our generation to rediscover Beddoes, to learn from him that revolutionary irony transcends the mere disorder of romantic imagination; to learn that the death which looks gigantically down on the remains of Beddoes, Edgar Poe and Hart Crane has its reality in a social order that resumed its reckless course after the Napoleonic Wars and is now emerging as the threat of world disaster in the terrible disguise of fascism. HORACE GREGORY.

Two Stages of Capitalism

The Dawn of a New Era, 1250-1453, by Edward P. Cheyney. New York: Harper and Brothers. 405 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

Realism and Nationalism, 1852-1871, by Robert C. Binkley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 357 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

PROFESSOR William L. Langer of Harvard is editing an ambitious series of twenty illustrated volumes on "The Rise of Modern Europe." He has promised a "reliable survey" of European history since the thirteenth century with the emphasis shifted from the political-military to the "social, economic, religious, scientific and artistic developments." It is too early, of course, to appraise the series but it hardly put its best foot forward with the two volumes published last year. Crane Brinton's account of the French Revolution made vivid reading but was vitiated by his fantastic insistence that Jacobinism was a religious orgy. And Frederick B. Artz's synthetic text on the post-Napoleonic Reaction was a tissue of indiscriminate and unacknowledged borrowing from a variety of "sources." The present contributions, however, are of a more serious character.

"The Dawn of a New Era" is a richly factual and well documented survey of the expansion of trade from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, the opening of sea routes, the growth of town life, the rise of the middle classes, and the disintegration of feudal institutions. Professor Cheyney describes with skill and learning the weakening of the Church in the conflict of sects and schisms, the consolidation of large monarchies in the West, the popular insurrections that swept across Europe, and the development of national languages and literatures. In accounting for the clash between feudalism and capitalism, he points clearly to the increase of wealth as the determining factor, and stresses the exchange of goods rather than their production. He holds that the efflorescence of representative assemblies was "apparently connected with the growth of the well-to-do middle class," but declines a similar social approach to the vogue of preaching, to "heresy, radicalism and revolution." He concludes that it was the "homogeneity of the human race" that lent unity to the age, a theory that will hardly explain its special character. Nevertheless, Professor Cheyney has produced easily the best historical summary of the stirring epoch of transition to capitalism.

His colleague depicts the liberal capitalism of the fifties and sixties of the last century. Professor Binkley is keenly sensitive to the importance of administrative centralization, the new "cadre army" and the intensification of insecurity and class friction. His main theme is the consummation of the modern state, ruling integrated territories and implemented with its own peculiar military, political and educational techniques. He rejects the view that the "national state" arose because of "nationalism," holding it to be of a piece with the explanation of Molière's medical student that the sleep-inducing properties of opium were due to its "dormative principle," the quality of which was to produce sleep. Professor Binkley presses his own negative theory that the centralized state succeeded because "federative polity" failed. This phrase is intended to cover all local and international political organizations "in which the location of paramount authority is left indefinite." But it turns out that it is "difficult to explain" the failure of "federative polity"—which leaves us pretty much where we were before.

Professor Binkley shows more realism when he asks whether "the nation as territory and the state as power" do not "in a sense say over again what is said in iron and steam." The answer is they do. Political and administrative integration followed the expansion of modern industry, communication and transportation, which completely conquered and organized the local and national market. That accounts for the consolidation of microscopic sovereignties in Germany and Italy, and for the division of loose aggregations like the German Confederation, Austria and Turkey. The crucial factors were the industrial transformation of Europe and the rise of the industrial middle classes to political supremacy. Yet the sections on economic change are the weakest in the book. Professor Binkley regards Karl Marx and John Stuart Mill as intellectual twins. It seems that both "accepted" the "simplified interpretation of human nature" as instinctively acquisitive, and both, after all, believed in conflict: Marx in the conflict of classes, Mill in that of individuals. Marxist socialism is characterized as but another "wealth-sharing system"—"self-regulating," unconcerned with planning for future growth, and giving the workers "the full product of their toil, and this presumably in a form in which they could consume it."

All these are obvious misstatements. The individual of Marx is not acquisitive but creative by nature, although, under private property, he conveniently develops acquisitive traits. Marx did not foolishly proclaim the right of the workers to the immediate sharing and consumption, but to the control and social disposal of the entire product of their labor. This point is made with transparent clarity in his "Critique of the Gotha Program." The attack on unplanned economy and the insistence on planning in the society of the future pervades all his work. These are elementary facts, and it is increasingly annoying to wade through discussions of Marxism by social scientists who are unacquainted with the primary sources of the subject and merely repeat the platitudes of other writers, equally ill informed. SOLOMON F. BLOOM.

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Integration of the Self

Psychology and the Promethean Will, by William H. Sheldon. New York: Harper and Brothers. 275 pages. $2.50.

OUT OF a disciplined background in psychology and medicine, the author of this book seeks a way to integrate the self in a world none too well integrated. The problem is essentially Plato's problem. The author, out of what to the reviewer is a genial irrelevance, describes his own motivation as religious. The solution is toleration rather than resolution of conflict. The technique is some sort of psychological analysis. The fruits of the solution, as he believes and means to prove in future volumes, is the release of enthusiasm and effort now dissipated through what he calls "the dying back of the brain." Dr. Sheldon would, in short, devote the disciplines of medicine, psychology and religion to the joyous appropriation of what William James has taught us to regard as man's unused energies.

It takes little discernment to guess and little courage to predict that the author has let himself in for a lot of trouble. Like Socrates, he purports to save religion by ignoring or subverting all orthodoxies. He conceives religion as adequate orientation in time. What man or god ever heard of like heterodoxy thus blandly paraded? Like the most naïve neophyte, furthermore, he conceives psychology as the science of the soul. But dealing in neither metaphysical whences nor theological whithers, he finds and loves and leaves the soul tampering with time, to the distress of all rational psychologists who have hitherto devoted her to "an abiding satisfaction of an abiding self" and to the equal distress of all irrational psychologists who have "castrated" or otherwise crippled the soul with strange complexes. And finally, like any charlatan, Sheldon conceives medicine as being more than the practice upon some member of the body of some specialty or other. He would devote medicine to the health of soul and body, of self and society. Such medical simplicity (and complexity) echoes from beyond Galen. It will smack of malpractice to the regulars; for its materia derives more from Plato than from Hippocrates, and its maxims will come easier from the Delphic Oracle than from the scientific laboratory.

All this cannot but cause shaking of heads and even searching of hearts. Sheldon will be unusually fortunate if he escapes professional crucifixion. If the religionists don't get him, the doctors will; and if both fail, the psychologists must succeed. Our world is perhaps too completely divided between specialists and sophisticates to furnish such an author a bodyguard, much less an audience. Those who want to see life readily and see 'er roll will be almost as disgusted with the book as will the specialists. For the author pioneers in neither platitude nor precision. He seeks a workable unity for the mind of men in a world of old disturbed and of late distracted beyond measure.

All this he seeks, however, not through devotion to some given pattern handed down from the Mount or laid up in Heaven, but through a glad acceptance and recommendation of growth as the goal of life. This is where Prometheus comes in; for was not he the gracious godfather who stole fire for our comfort and progress? Epimetheus represents the backward look. Both are benefactors, but they divide our attention. Poised in time between the past and future, each of us wavers between the islands of safety behind and the precarious perchings without definite moorings ahead. Proper accommodation to this duality is difficult—so difficult indeed that most of us become what Sheldon well calls "wasters." We waste our sexual substance, or our economic, or our social heritage. Each man has his prime temptation and perhaps each age its characteristic prodigality. Jeering at the Freudians for their mistaken diagnosis of our age, laughing at the Adlerians, he only smiles at (perhaps with) the disciples of Jung. Dramatizing the soul into "panels," the author passes as secondary the economic, the social, the sexual to emphasize as primary the higher dimension, which he calls religious—a dimension characterized by toleration of conflict and the final unity of thought and feeling.

Technical books are promised to implement these claims and to fulfill these promises. Meantime, there is about this first volume the authentic ring of a great enterprise finely approached in Promethean mood. A glimpse is here given of the hilltops, however much the mists may hang over the valley of our daily din. If this book be not clairvoyant of the life of the spirit, there is no spiritual life for modern men.

T. V. SMITH.

Imperialism and Nationalism

Foreign Policy in the Far East, by Taraknath Das. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 287 pages. $2.

Survey of International Affairs: 1934, by Arnold J. Toynbee. New York: The Oxford University Press. 753 pages. $10.

Marxism and the National and Colonial Question, by Joseph Stalin. New York: International Publishers. 304 pages. $2.

NATIONALISM and imperialism are the two main issues of our present international order. Imperialism has opened up the world to Western ideas—that is, to nationalism. Das, an Indian author and American scholar, says that from Tokyo to Cairo "the people of this vast region are trying to learn all that is best in Western culture and they have succeeded in assimilating it fast." I would not say all that is "best," but all that is "characteristic." They have even learned from the Nordic racial pride and arrogance. As a Nazi sincerely believes all higher culture originated with the wandering of German barbaric tribes, so the Turks today claim that all civilization originated with their forefathers, and Dr. Das in his interesting study quotes some Indian Aryan authors who maintain that only the Indians are genuine Aryans, whereas the Europeans, "dolichocephalic savages and cannibals, a mixed produce of African and Asiatic races," received their civilization and their language from Aryan nomads who expanded from India and Central Asia into Europe. Probably the "scientific" proofs for these theories are equally convincing.

How worldwide the conflict area of imperialism and nationalism is at present will be deeply impressed upon the reader of the latest of Mr. Toynbee's well established yearly surveys of international affairs. The new one starts in Jerusalem, goes on to Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Iran, the Soviet Union, Austria, the Balkans, the Saar and finally to Japan and Tibet, to name only some of the main points discussed. The discussion is introduced by a survey of world economic affairs that deals with the United States, South America and all British dominions. The one common element pervading contemporary history is the tendency of all the peoples who, in the nineteenth century, were considered backward "to commit themselves, on the economic as well as on the political plane, to an increasingly active and intimate participation in the life of the great society

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which was being brought into existence in this age by the Westernization of the world."

Lenin was the first statesman to draw radical conclusions from this growing interlocking acculturization of all peoples, and to break with the concepts of peoples as being divided into "progressive" and "backward." Whereas other nations have succumbed more and more to the ideas of national or racial exclusiveness and domination, and the modern empires, including the British "Commonwealth of Nations," continued to base their policy upon racial discrimination and the exploitation of the weaker races, the Russian Empire was transformed into a supranational and supraracial community—which, as Toynbee says, "embraces, without any invidious distinctions, the whole medley of peoples that dwell within the Soviet frontiers; and this population, in its multitude and its variety, is a fair sample of contemporary mankind." The Soviet Union concentrates its most sustained efforts on raising the social and intellectual standards of the "backward" peoples. It has put relations with the Asiatic races—which the Russian Empire oppressed or tried to conquer—on a new footing of complete equality. Lenin demanded that the proletariat of the former oppressive nations exercise special caution in the treatment of the national sentiment of oppressed nationalities, so that all grounds of suspicion based upon the experiences of the past might be removed. Lenin's policy with regard to nationalism and colonial problems was faithfully executed by Stalin who, himself a Georgian, had from the beginning been interested in the solution of the national problem. Stalin has never been a theoretician and he certainly is not a brilliant writer. But the collection of his speeches and articles on the national and colonial question merits study by all who are interested in the problems of nationalism and imperialism.

HANS KOHN.

Color Story

Listen for a Lonesome Drum: A York State Chronicle, by Carl Carmer. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 400 pages, illustrated. $3.

A HUNDRED years ago an engraver-antiquarian wandered through New England, New York State and the Ohio frontier, collecting remnants of local history and fixing in a series of illustrated "historical collections" valuable and entertaining material that would otherwise have been lost. John Warner Barber's modern counterpart is Carl Carmer, author of "Stars Fell on Alabama," who returns to his native state for another book embodying the history, legend and atmosphere of a region having a flavor and culture characteristically American, yet all its own.

The author offers no serious historical explanation of York State currents, but is content to pack 400 entertaining pages with tall tales, legends, color and local history. Covenanters, upstate squires, sawdust-trail sinners, Chautauquans, Millerites, Jemimakins, Shakers, Senecas, Oneida communists, spiritualists, here reappear. All the old tales —the Loomis gang, the Cardiff giant, Oliphant, Ruloff the murderer, Ameriga Vespucci—are freshly retold; and some of the juiciest characters are the new people: Bill Clark, rattlesnake hunter, Randy Cook, owner of a Sears Roebuck Stradivarius and liar extraordinary, Cornplanter the Seneca, Auntie Norton and others.

Since the choice of matter seems largely determined by its content of color, certain sections of New York State life have been somewhat slighted. The farmer appears at leisure, but rarely at work. The "lowdown on what these Sherrill people [workers at Oneida] think of their bosses" is obtained from Fat, proprietor of a lunch wagon. The only reference to the significant upstate milk strike, certainly not lacking in drama, is by a lieutenant of state troopers. After characterizing the troopers as men who "patrol roads, help the poor when they get a raw deal and are kind to dumb animals," the lieutenant relates as a "good joke" how a trooper clubbed a farmer unconscious.

When among his own, however, the author proves he can be more than entertaining, and that he can hit out squarely and well. His mercilessly goodhumored account of pretentious Rochester is one of the best things in the book, as is his picture of the valley landed gentry, bowing to retainers from their motors and inviting the villagers to lawn parties at the manor. His sympathetic accounts of the "idea-frontier," of the various magics practised by Christian cultists or Indian traditionalists, are suffused with a pleasant mysticism. Throughout these pages the author induces in his reader a cheerful willingness to believe anything, so long as it is inexplicable.

Within the limitations of its scope and purpose, "Listen for a Lonesome Drum" is a delightful job of imaginative reporting. The lack of documentation permits the reader no distinction between fact and fancy, which is probably what the author wished. The illustrations (by Cyrus Leroy Baldridge) on tinted paper are precisely in the mood of the book.

MERLE COLBY.

Bigotry Unburied

The Legal Status of Church-State Relationships in the United States, with Special Reference to the Public Schools, by Alvin W. Johnson. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. 341 pages. $3.

ONCE OUR university alumni luncheon club in Chicago devoted a monthly meeting to the public schools and was startled when the first speaker began by lifting his clasped hands and praying to his God to open our hearts to the need of giving the children of the Republic daily draughts from the fountain of perpetual truth, the Holy Bible.

For an audience of men whose usual educational program was a recital of past football victories and prophecies of those to come, this was a shock the memory of which still makes that meeting loom over all the others. Correct manners and the fear of hurting the feelings of a good man, however much of a zealot he was, gave the meeting *tetanus maxilaris,* cramp in the tongue. One lawyer was immune—an old Chesterfieldian alumnus. Beginning with a sympathetic tribute to the intent and fervor of our missionary guest, he recited that passage of the Illinois Constitution which provides that the free exercise of religious profession and worship shall forever be guaranteed. No person shall be obliged to attend any particular worship, nor shall any appropriation be made nor anything be done for any sectarian purpose. This, said the gentleman of law, the Supreme Court has ruled, does prohibit the reading of the Bible under authority of an Illinois public school. "This question is legally dead and buried."

It doesn't stay under ground.

Sixty-three years ago the Ohio Supreme Court declared legal Christianity a "solecism." "When Christianity asks the aid of government, it denies itself. Its laws are divine, not human. United with government, religion never rises above superstition. United with religion, government is

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despotism. History shows that the more they are separated, the better it is for both."

Dean Johnson's book is a nationwide survey of decisions rendered during the years of struggle for religious liberty. Mr. Johnson fuses statistics, tables and legal dicta into a story of dramatic interest. He treats of colonial bigotry, its overthrow in the Revolution, of continuing attempts of sects to get into the nation's schools, of religions that aim at Indian wards, and of Sunday legislation.

A Minnesota court decision permits the sale of tobacco on Sunday as a necessity, but forbids the purchase of food. California rules that a barber shop is not a disorderly place and may shave skins on the Sabbath. To shave wood is another matter. School boards are petitioned to give credit for Bible study and favor it. A group of Mohammedan merchants ask similar credit for instruction in the Koran and are informed that this is a Christian nation. Meanwhile the schoolmaster is repeating to himself that he must somehow train his youngsters to respect the laws.

This book, especially the fundamental comments, is inspiring reading on the spirit of liberty, self-government and the need of eternal vigilance. For him who loves a good gentlemanly fight there is here much ammunition.

WILLIAM MCANDREW.

"Highbred and Lowpitched"

An Eighteenth Century Miscellany. Edited, with an introduction, by Louis Kronenberger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 578 pages. $3.

OF THE nine men represented in this excellent anthology, all except Blake speak with the rationalistic and aristocratic accent sometimes called Augustan. Mr. Kronenberger accordingly presents, of the Queen Anne men, Swift battling disdainfully in "The Drapier's Letters" for economic justice, Pope in "The Dunciad" combining "psychopathic venom with Mozartean grace," Gay gibing purposefully in "The Beggar's Opera," Chesterfield writing about the graces.

The four men who write after 1750 are still Augustans, but the accent is no longer pure. The editor exhibits Sterne sharing, on his "Sentimental Journey," a tear-soaked handkerchief with a roadside lady (and loving it); Sheridan's "School for Scandal" renouncing, for all its glitter and bustle, the detachment of Congreve: Walpole dallying with Gothic horrors in "The Castle of Otranto." Gibbon's contribution, his Autobiography, is Augustan enough, but one recalls how through the monumental alabaster of his "Decline and Fall" a romantically imaginative flame glows richly if decorously.

The introduction is an interesting attempt to capture a period. The eighteenth century had "a temperament but not a soul"; its esthetics were "mincing," its spiritual life "gingerly." Its whole being was unduly cramped by subservience to a "tabloid" Horatian neo-classicism. But it produced among other things a perfect prose style, whose creators "despised obscurity, unseemly laughter and emotional mucilage," and "asked of writing that it be highbred and lowpitched."

The book undoubtedly neglects the increasingly articulate bourgeoisie—Defoe, particularly, and such snug little fellows as Matthew Green of "The Spleen." But after all it was the inhabitants of this book who did concoct the "little tight bouquet" of their century's culture, its "dry-sherry taste," in short the "Augustan" savor for which modern people esteem it.

"Augustan" ages are periods of culmination. By 1700, for example, a whole complex of economic, political and intellectual forces that had begun to shape English life about 1500, had worked themselves out. The new forces, on the other hand, the scientific and industrial movements that were to give their tone to our own epoch, were not yet powerful enough to disturb the national life. The fundamentals of life under Queen Anne were therefore felt to be solid, fast-rooted.

The century was one to toy elegantly with scientific, industrial and philosophic dynamite. But as it moved toward 1789, a vague weakening of the sense of stability was accompanied by an intrusion of emotionalism into the national temper. In their youth the laboratory and the factory thus destroyed one Augustan synthesis by undermining its major premises. The Augustan age of their twentieth-century culmination still awaits a stable social settlement. The good Augustan is deductive. So far, our major premises are too shaky for his use.

THOMAS F. MAYO.

Books in Brief

Great Britain and the German Navy, by E. L. Woodward. New York: The Oxford University Press. 542 pages. $6.50.

OF ALL ways to present the history of a naval rivalry between two great nations, the most obviously futile one is to make an arabesque of quotations from the verbiage used by diplomats and politicians, civilian and naval, to hide rather than to reveal their intentions. It was not for nothing that Tirpitz was called, even by his own officers, "The Father of the Lie." But Mr. Woodward, in his long history of the rivalry between the English and the German navies before the War, relies on Tirpitz and others like him. He says, "The story must be told as it is told"—that is, in the words of the two antagonists—"or it must be left untold." The author maintains an easy-chair attitude of fairness all around, a nose-holding, eye-shutting position toward what he must regard as the shameful side of naval politics—the party scramble, the business of selling munitions, the ambitions of naval officers—as well as of avoiding the harder task of showing how conflicts arise from national social structures and group ideologies. This more difficult work was begun by a German, Dr. Kehr, in his notable work, "Schlachtflottenbau und Parteipolitik: 1894-1902," which was discussed in The New Republic of October 14, 1931. The author seems to be ignorant of that pioneer performance as he is of not a few other things German (*e. g.*, Harden was never a Socialist, as he is called on page 196). Shrinking from the huge historical responsibility of finding and presenting a *Sinngebung des Sinnlosen,* an elucidation of the apparently senseless welter of facts, he seeks a philosophical or logomachial escape. Quotations, however, have a way of leading into Waste Lands, political and historical. A. V.

Waterloo, by Manuel Komroff. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

It is Browning, Browning all the way through this dramatization of the high spots of the Hundred Days. Like the poet, Mr. Komroff has a flair for portrayal of action, a feeling for the romance of historic incident. "Too many crowns. A few less would have been easier to hold together. They roll away." So Komroff pictures Napoleon to have mused in flight from Waterloo. His sketches have a live

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quality and a reality that the characters, with the exception of Napoleon, lack. These more obscure historical figures function as bait to induce the reader—whose interest in strategy may flag—to follow this account of a battle, the outcome of which he knows in advance. The author's bruited talent for detail is more pedantry than poetry. Deprived of the privilege of documentation, he slows up his narrative by reference to sources. A more thorough sifting of the material might have led to elimination of the irrelevant items now cluttering the text to the detriment of much that is truly dramatic. Painstaking erudition is no asset to a writer of popular history. Only in the thick of battle is Komroff able to forget that he is a scholar, and only there has he recreated a scene that will not soon be forgotten. E. S.

This Gun for Hire, by Graham Greene. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

A killer by the rather quaint name of Raven does an airtight job on some foreign ex-minister, is directly betrayed by payment in notes that turn out to be hot money, and is therefore chased by Scotland Yard. Pursuing his betrayer, his path crosses the path of his own pursuer's girl, which girl's path subsequently crosses that of the betrayer, and then his again, until she is near death three separate times, and while everything is happening in this manner nothing seems to happen, until near the end several people meet violent deaths and the war is averted, and the characters who weren't to get killed or married or shown up as nasty types go home to bed. The story is clearer than that, a little clearer and a lot too pat, and it should have been told in thirty straight pages. But it is burdened with implications. It wants to go many far, deep, high and devious ways, yet seems to have no workable means of propulsion. The result is a constant heavy standstill, not so much a bad book as an unfortunate book. It is obviously forced and somehow discouraging—all this awkward brightness and moral lesson, all these careful little probings into life and world causes and the best (or worst) in the worst (or best) of us—quite careful and true but hackneyed, painful to see made public, like a sailor's letter to his mother. O. F.

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The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Alfred Vagts, Eleanor Shoemaker and Otis Ferguson.

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